

SPECIAL "HOME LIFE" NUMBER

May 1915

Price 6^c

The QUIVER



THE BRITISH
HAVE SUCH A "TAKING" WAY!



ESPECIALLY WITH
BEECHAM'S PILLS



**The best Half - Guinea
Safety Razor will be sent
to your friend on service
ABSOLUTELY FREE.**

Any dealer will tell you of the reputation
of the manufacturers of the "7 o'clock"
Safety Razor who make this liberal offer.

Here is our Offer:

Buy a half-guinea "7 o'clock" Safety Razor from any dealer, and in every set which you buy you will find a voucher (or you can obtain one from the makers). Send that voucher duly filled in, together with the dealer's receipt for the "7 o'clock" Razor which you have bought, and another set exactly similar will be promptly dispatched free of all charge (except postage) to the soldier or sailor whom you specify on the voucher, with your card or a message, and as a gift from you.

The "7 o'clock" is the only Safety Razor at less than one guinea that can be stropped without removing the blade. It is stropped in the way shown by illustration, and thus always ensures a quick, easy, smooth shave. A single touch puts it into stropping or shaving position, and it is equally easy to clean—just a rinse and a wipe with the towel—nothing to take apart.

Ask your Dealer to demonstrate the razor to you, and give you further particulars of the above offer.

Heavily silver-plated razor complete in handsome case, with strop in hinged partition, and 6 finest lancet steel blades (as illustrated),

10/6

OBTAINABLE AT ALL
HIGH-CLASS DEALERS,

or direct from the Proprietors of
the "7 o'clock" Safety Razor,
61 New Oxford St., London, W.C.

*Stropped in the way that has
stood the test of centuries.*





YOU CAN SIT AT THE PIANO and Play tunes TO-DAY

by

Naunton's National Music System

This is not the impossible task which some people would have you believe. With Naunton's music to guide you, the piano is the easiest instrument in the world to play, for there is no drudgery, no practising tiresome exercises, no scales, sharps, flats or accidentals, no unexpected or unnecessary difficulty whatever.

Naunton's National Music System is not a mechanical device nor a vamping method, but a **SIMPLE, RAPID & PERFECT System of Musical Notation** which you can learn to read, play and understand almost instantaneously.

You play tunes on your very first lesson.

Over 50,000 people are already playing the piano by it

Playing with taste and skill, charming other people, delighting themselves, getting more and more enjoyment out of life every day, and all because they ventured to try Naunton's National Music System. They proved for themselves that what we claim to be true is true, and the opportunity is now offered to you also.

What others have done quickly and well, you also can do with equal speed and ease. Not one of the 50,000 people just mentioned had a better offer given to him or her than that which is given to you now. Read carefully through the coupon at the foot of this page and see the promise contained in it. If you then have a desire to play the piano perfectly, send your **1/-** with the coupon to-day, and in return we will send you our **"Special No. 1,"** containing five tunes, which we guarantee you can play. Thus you can judge for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to **you** just as it has done for the 50,000 and more people who are already playing by it. Never in all your life will you have spent a shilling to better purpose.

We say for ourselves only what our pupils are more than willing to say for us. Just read their

CLEAR TESTIMONY TO THE IMMENSE VALUE OF OUR WONDERFUL SYSTEM

This from a Pupil who has taken nine lessons out of the fifty which comprise the whole System: "I had tried to learn under many masters for about nine years, but at last had to give it up. I can read and play by your system easily."

This from a Pupil who has taken only six lessons: "I can play well, and am teaching two of my friends."

From a Musician who has composed over 3,000 popular songs: "I consider it the most ingenious invention in connection with music I have ever seen."

From a Proud Mother: "Floris can play splendidly, and I can play also. Your system is certainly splendid, and is just as easy as you said."

From a Composer: "I think it A1, easy, excellent. Any person could understand it."

From many Pupils whose testimony can all be rolled into one: "When reading your advertisement I could scarcely believe that any system could achieve what was there stried. But on studying your first lesson I realised that at last a system had been discovered which would help persons who formerly held the idea that to play the piano was utterly beyond them. Naunton's National Music System is splendid. It is the acme of simplicity, and is as perfect as it is simple."

From a Pupil who thinks that one good turn deserves another: "I am recommending it to all my friends, and two of them are sending to you for their lessons."

THE ORIGINALS OF THE ABOVE AND THOUSANDS OF SIMILAR TESTIMONIALS CAN BE SEEN AT OUR LONDON OFFICES AT ANY TIME.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON.

To THE MANAGER, NAUNTON'S NATIONAL MUSIC SYSTEM, MEMORIAL HALL, FARRINGTON ST., LONDON, E.C.

Being a reader of THE QUIVER, and desiring to test your system, I send herewith postal order for **One Shilling**. In return for which please send me your **"Special No. 1,"** published at 2/-, containing five tunes, with your instructions how I can play at the first sitting, also particulars of how I can become a THOROUGH musician by your Course of instruction.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

DATE _____

SPARE PARTS.

MANY THOUSAND POUNDS
WORTH OF SPARE PARTS
FOR DAIMLER CARS ARE
STOCKED AT OUR DEPOTS.

These depots, distributed throughout the country, can supply spares for any type of Daimler car, and, what is more, expert mechanics are there with *instructions* to satisfy your requirements.

DAIMLER

THE DAIMLER COMPANY, LTD.,
Coventry.

London Showrooms: 27 PALL MALL.

Daimler Cars are held in readiness for immediate hire. Telephone Regent 4100.

DEPOTS:

BIRMINGHAM	Daimler House, Paradise Street
BRIGHTONSt. John's Road, Hove
BRISTOL	61 Victoria Street
CARDIFF	Park Street
LEEDS	Harrison Street, Briggate
MANCHESTER	60 Deansgate
NEWCASTLESt. Mary's Place
NOTTINGHAM	98 Derby Road

WONDERFUL NEW "HAIR BEAUTY" CAMPAIGN.

A Splendid Hair-Growing Gift for Every Man and Woman.

EVERYONE MAY HAVE A FINE HEAD OF HAIR WHO ACCEPTS THIS GIFT.

A WORLD-RENOWNED Hair Specialist has commenced a wonderful new campaign to grow thousands of heads of beautiful hair this year, and as an introductory measure he has decided to give free of all cost a specially made up hair-growing outfit for scientific home treatment (a few minutes every morning) to everyone whose hair lacks health and beauty.

Mr. Edwards has decided to tell the public clearly and exactly how to recognise their hair troubles, and to provide at his own expense the first supplies of the only remedy that is certain to grow new and healthy hair.

TROUBLES THAT RUIN THE HAIR

Amongst the many hair troubles that stop the healthy growth of the hair, the following are the most common:

1. **LOSS OF COLOUR AND LUSTRE.** This is caused by the general weakness of the hair colouring cells and of the papilla or "growing point" of the hair-root. Sometimes scurf, over-greasiness, or over-dryness contribute to this condition, which is, however, quickly remedied by the wonderful treatment offered free of cost to-day.

2. **FALLING AND SPLITTING HAIRS.** This is caused by lack of nourishment in the hair root—a defect that is speedily put right by the wonderful "Harlene" Hair-Drill, which supplies the necessary nourishment, and awakens the root of each separate hair to greater strength and beauty.

3. **SCALP TOO GREASY OR TOO DRY.** Due to over or under activity of the oily glands that lubricate the hair and help in its growth. These, although two of the most serious of all hair troubles, are fortunately amongst the easiest of all to remedy by the "Harlene" Hair-Drill method explained below by Mr. Edwards in his generous free-of-cost offer.

4. **SCALP IRRITATION.** May be caused by loose, splitting, or decaying hairs, by scurf, or by a disorder of the hair-roots. "Harlene" Hair-Drill soothes the irritation, and remedies the hair trouble.

To conquer these and many other deadly hair troubles, and to succeed in growing an abundance of

really beautiful hair, Mr. Edwards does not advise any long, tedious, or expensive treatment.

A SCIENTIST'S ADVICE TO EVERY READER.

He says: "Simply spend a few minutes in pleasurable and interesting 'Hair-Drill' every morning. That is all. I will give you the necessary advice and instructions free."

If you desire to possess a handsome growth of

beautiful, silky, lustrous hair, and that healthy look and youthful attraction that is given by a fine head of hair, you need only post the form below without delay (enclosing 3d. stamps for postage), to receive:

1. A bottle of "Harlene," a true liquid food for the hair, which stimulates new growth, building up the very substance of the hair itself.

2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleaning

"Cremex" Shampoo, which dissolves every particle of scurf and dandruff, and always irritation.

3. The secret "Hair-Drill" booklet, giving complete instructions for carrying out this world-famous hair-growing exercise.

Afterwards you can always secure further supplies of "Harlene" from your chemist at 1s., 2s. 6d., or 4s. 6d. per bottle, and "Cremex" at 1s. per box of 7 Shampoos, single packet 2d., or direct (post free on remittance) from the Edwards' "Harlene" Co., 20-29 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. Carriage extra on foreign orders.

FILL IN AND POST THIS FORM.

To EDWARDS' "HARLENE" Co.,
20-29 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

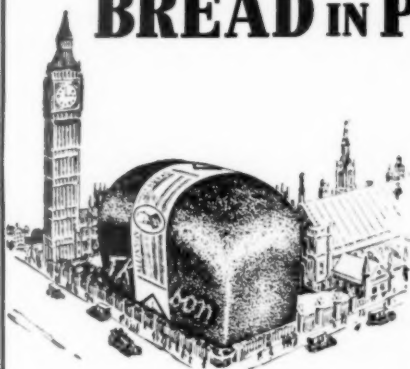
Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Hair-Growing Outfit. I enclose 3d. stamps for postage to any part of the world.

Name

Address

THE QUIVER, May, 1915.

BREAD IN PARLIAMENT



IN the House of Commons (Feb. 17) Mr. Charles Bathurst, M.P., Chairman of the Central Chamber of Agriculture, said: "There is an enormous waste going on every day because we do not make the best

possible use of the most nutritious food we have. *Wheat would go 50 % further* if the modern milling process did not remove from it far and away the most nutritious portion of the grain."

THIS remarkable speech endorses what has been, for years, insisted upon in every advertisement of **Allinson Bread**. This delicious bread is the genuine product of the whole of the wheat, and represents not only the most economical bread of all, but also the most nourishing and sustaining. It maintains the full 100% standard of nutriment, and thus prevents the 50% waste of the most nutritious part of the wheat referred to in Mr. Bathurst's speech. **Whenever you eat Allinson Bread you are helping to add 50% to the nation's food supplies, besides benefiting yourself by the most palatable, the most wholesome, and the most nourishing bread.**

FREE SAMPLE 2-lb. LOAF

Send 4d. stamps (to pay carriage) for free 2-lb. sample Loaf and N.F. Biscuits, together with free illustrated booklet on "Bread and Health" and particulars of monthly prize distribution of 23 cash prizes and 100 bread trenchers and knives. For 1/- a 3½-lb. trial bag of Allinson Wholemeal will be sent in addition to above.

INSIST ON ALLINSON BREAD

Every genuine Allinson loaf is wrapped in a paper band bearing the portrait and signature of the famous diet specialist, T. R. Allinson. **Refuse any without this band.**

Allinson Wholemeal Flour is packed in 3½, 7 and 14-lb. bags, containing a useful recipe book for baking all kinds of fancy cakes and making the ideal Allinson loaf. The cult of home baking is fast becoming a matter of pride and economy.

NATURAL FOOD CO., Ltd., 305 Cambridge Road, London, E.

463

Allinson
UNADULTERATED
WHOLEMEAL
Bread

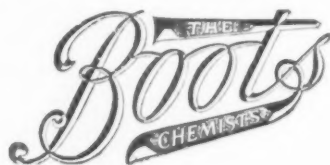
Purity and Security.

All drugs supplied by Boots have to answer every known test for purity, or they are rigidly rejected. Over a thousand analyses are made every month, and the tests imposed are not merely those of the British Pharmacopœia, but tests far more stringent than those required by the British Pharmacopœia. As "Truth" states in reviewing the business of Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd., "A passion for purity is displayed in regard to every article."

And though purity is vitally important, freshness is almost equally so. Medicine made up of stale drugs cannot possibly be of maximum efficiency. You cannot even be certain that it is medicinally active. Owing to the careful system of checking the supplies at their 555 Branches it is practically impossible to obtain stale drugs at Boots. The stocks at all their establishments are periodically tested, and any drug showing the least sign of deterioration immediately destroyed.

Your own security depends upon the purity and freshness of the drugs you purchase.

YOU ARE SAFE IN DEALING WITH



Chief London Branch:

182 REGENT STREET, W.

Numerous Branches in and around London.

Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd.

Don't Wear a Truss!

Brooks' New Scientific Appliance—Adjustable to any Size Person—Easy, Comfortable, Affording Instant Relief—Made for Men, Women or Children.

Sent on Trial.

No Risk in ordering—Money will be refunded if not satisfied.

After thirty years' experience in curing rupture an appliance has been invented which will absolutely hold the rupture and never slip, yet is light, cool and comfortable. It conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting, and costs less than many common trusses. There are no springs or hard, lumpy pads, and yet it holds the rupture safely and firmly without pain or inconvenience. We make it to your measure, and send it to you **on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money**

refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it.

"I AM PERFECTLY CURED!"

Smith's Shop, Kingstone,
Hereford.

C. E. Brooks, Esq.

Dear Sir,—For over 20 years I have suffered from rupture. During that period I have spent pounds in seeking a remedy. When I heard of you I had doubts, for I thought it would be simply another case of failure and expense. Just over six months ago I decided to give you a trial, and I found relief very quickly. But the best of all, I am pleased to inform you that for over two months I have not used the Appliance, for I am perfectly cured. I am a blacksmith, and can do all the heavy work without being troubled in any way. Please accept my best thanks.

Yours very gratefully,

THOMAS PHILLIPS.



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and whose experience has since benefited thousands. It ruptured write to-day.

"I CONSIDER I AM CURED!"

86 Grove Street,
Freehold, Rochdale.

Mr. Brooks.

Dear Sir,—It is with pleasure I write you these few lines to inform you that I have been successful with your Appliance. I consider I am cured of rupture, having done without it for six weeks, and only having had it on five months, after having tried four years with other remedies. I shall be pleased to be of service to you when an opportunity comes my way.

Thanking you for the good you have done me,

Yours gratefully,

THOMAS HOWARTH.

P.S.—The Appliance is as good to-day as when I got it from you.

We have received thousands of letters like these from grateful patients the world over. This Appliance gives **instant relief**, and effects permanent cures when everything else has failed. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies. Fill in the attached coupon and post to-day, and we will send you free our illustrated Book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, and giving the names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. If in London, call at our Consulting Rooms, Kingsway (at corner of Portugal Street). Experienced attendants for both ladies and gentlemen.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO.,
638a Bank Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO.,
638a Bank Buildings,
Kingsway, London, W.C.

Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name

Address

Please write plainly.

Norwell's 'Perth' Brogues

Direct from Scotch Maker to Wearer



Style No. 1436.

Boys' Brogue Shoes

with the proper pith in them. Built of tough leather to withstand the roughest of wear, they retain their perfect comfort-giving shape to the end. In black or dark brown.

Sizes 7 to 10	8/-
" 11 to 1	9/-
" 2 to 5	10/-

All orders over 5/- sent post free to any address in the United Kingdom.

Comfortable Spring Footwear for Little Folks—and their elders

Norwell's Scotch-made Footwear will stand all the rough wear of school life. Let the children romp and play as much as they like—complete bone-dry comfort will be theirs at all times.

And this Spring's Brogues will be good next Spring—when they're Norwell made.

For Big Folks, too, Norwell Brogues are very desirable—giving long wear, bone-dry comfort, smartness and style combined.

Norwell's Perth Brogues represent a real economy in footwear—they may cost more, but they repay you in length of service, and complete comfort as well.



Style No. 1468x.
Serviceable Shoe for School Girls

This is a well-made shoe, stout and stylish, for school wear. Gives perfect comfort to the growing feet. In black glaze kid, black box calf, or brown glaze kid.

Sizes 7 and 8	4/11
" 9 " 10	5/9
" 11 " 12	5/11
" 13 " 1	6/6
" 2 to 5	8/6

Send for New Illustrated Catalogue of Family Footwear, sent post free.

Ease and comfort for the Bairns.



Sandals, Run-about Slippers, and stout Shoes for every age—best quality at moderate prices.

No. 1453x Made on easy-fitting, lines for tender little feet. Give very comfortable wear, and are thoroughly flexible. Sizes 3 to 6, 4/6. Sizes 7 to 10, 5/6.

The New Style Shoes For Ladies' Spring Wear

For smart wear with the new style costumes no footwear will be more popular or adaptable than Norwell's Scotch-made Buckle Brogue Shoes.

In fashionable one-bar and two-bar styles, they are light, stylish, and long-wearing.



Style No. 4—for Ladies

This superb make of Buckle Brogue Shoe for Ladies will stand any amount of hard usage and wetting. Made of stout flexible leather with uppers of dark red brown or black calfskin, soft and restful on the feet, absolutely bone dry, and keeps its perfect shape always. Post free in Britain

18/6

Other Styles in Ladies' Brogues.

12/6, 15/-, 18/6,
20/6, 22/6,
25/-

Neat Styles in Men's Brogues.

15/-, 18/6, 20/-,
22/6, 25/-, 30/-,
49/-

Foreign Orders are carefully and promptly handled. Postage is extra.

Norwell's guarantee perfect satisfaction with every transaction—or cheerfully refund every penny of your money.



Style No. 13—for Ladies

One-buckle Brogue Shoe, hand-made, a stylish fitting shoe for the golfing lady; gives long service, keeps the feet dry always, and is flexible and soft to the feet. In beautiful quality of calfskin. Post free in Britain

18/6

D. NORWELL & SON, Perth, Scotland.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue, sent post free to any address.



Trust the Man behind the Boot.

Specialists in Good-Wearing Footwear. (Established over two years.)

The Belgians need this Gift from you



Thousands of Belgian Refugees need clothes—particularly stockings. You can help; you can give a pair of the comfortable, cosy, all-wool "Jason" Stockings, *without cost to yourself.*

All you need to do is to send us the "Tabs" or Labels from three pairs of "Jason" Stockings for Ladies (enclosing your Dealer's receipt), and we will forward one additional pair of Stockings FREE, in your name, to one of the Committees for the relief of the Refugees. We send you a signed receipt for the Tabs.

"Jason"
ALL WOOL UNSHRINKABLE

Quality Stockings and Socks for Ladies, Children, and Men

Send your Tabs now. The number of FREE pairs available is limited to 100,000.

There's no cost to yourself beyond the price of the Stockings. And "Jason" Stockings and Socks are the very finest value obtainable.

Made in Leicester, by hosiery makers who "know how"; made from the very best pure wool; guaranteed unshrinkable—replaced if they *do* shrink; extra spliced in toe, heel, and foot; scientifically constructed to fit perfectly. And in "Jason" there's such a variety—dozens of styles—making it quite sure you'll find the kind to suit *your* taste.

"Jason" "De Luxe" Range	(Ladies' only)	2/6	per pair
"Jason" "Elite" Range	(Ladies' and Men's)	2/6	"
"Jason" "Superb" Range	"	1/9	"
"Jason" "Popular" Range	"	1/6	"
"Jason" Socks for Children		from 4 1/2d.	"

Tabs from Ladies' "Jason" Stockings at any price are available for Gifts to the Belgians.

See the "Jason" Tab on every pair.
From the best Dealers everywhere. If any difficulty in obtaining, write us about it.

"Jason" Hosiery Co., Leicester.

Illustration shows "Jason" "Elite" Artificial-silk plated ankle, pure-wool Hose.

Price 2/6



Fe 1 Ⓟ

Easy to Buy—Easy to Try—Fast when Dry



Double wear is given to Sports Coats by using Drummer Dyes.

You can get *double* service and wear

from "old" clothes, from soiled or shabby house furnishings, for the outlay of a copper or two, by simply using the wonder-working, ever-reliable



Drummer Dyes give Overalls, etc., that freshness that new garments have.

Drummer Dyes

"So Easy to Use"

There's sound sense and sound economy in home dyeing—but only when you use Drummer Dyes. They are entirely reliable and trustworthy, and never fail, whether on silk scarf or sports coat, ribbon or bedspread. Drummer Dyes are British-made and guaranteed, and are all they are claimed to be.

Drummer Dyes will double the life of the following articles :



Make your "old" skirts new by using Drummer Dyes.

Knitted Coats
Jackets
Belts
Blouses
Boys' Suits
Underwear
Ribbons
Dresses

Underskirts
Pelisses
Woollens
Bodices
Kimonos
Gloves
Pinafores
Party Frocks

Morning Gowns
Scarves
Men's Shirts
Bonnets
Wrappers
Stockings
Sashes
&c. &c.

Drummer Dyes are made in all useful shades, and include three new tones—grey, myrtle green, and cardinal. Your grocer, oilman, store, or chemist can supply you.



Look for the British Drummer on the packet—that's your protection and guarantee.

See the British Drummer on the packet—that's your guarantee and protection from substitutes.

Have you had YOUR copy of "Home Dyeing," a little booklet that's chokeful of good wrinkles and hints on household economy? It is yours for a p.c. to

EDGE'S, Bolton, Lancs.

Makes "Old" Clothes Just like NEW

THE QUIVER

CHARLES CLEMENTS

MANUFACTURERS OF RAZORS & FINE SHEFFIELD CUTLERY

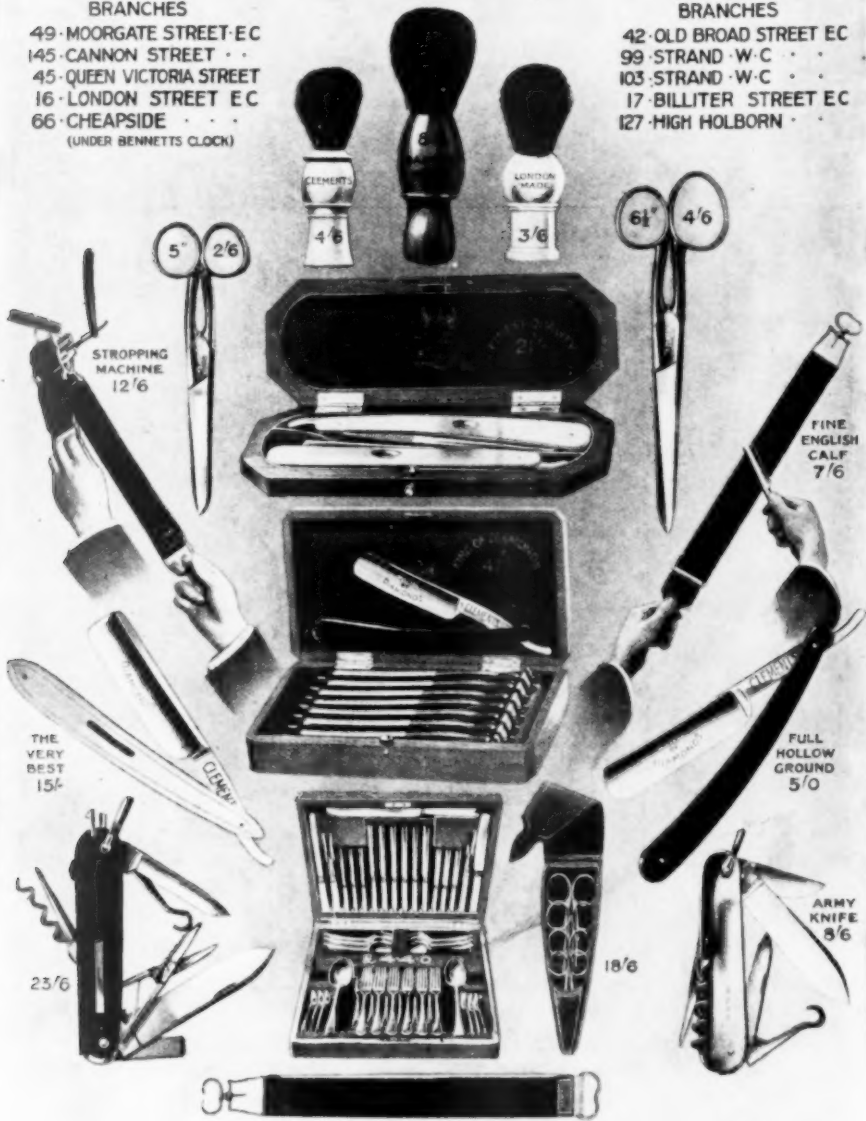
BRANCHES

49·MOORGATE STREET·E.C.
145·CANNON STREET ··
45·QUEEN VICTORIA STREET
16·LONDON STREET E.C.
66·CHEAPSIDE ··

(UNDER BENNETTS CLOCK)

BRANCHES

42·OLD BROAD STREET E.C.
99·STRAND·W·C ··
103·STRAND·W·C ··
17·BILLITER STREET E.C.
127·HIGH HOLBORN ··



DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE POST FREE.

HEAD OFFICE · SHOW ROOMS · & · POSTAL DEPT.
17 BILLITER STREET · LONDON · E.C.



Boot Life Doubled!

Repair-bills halved—for a "Dri-ped" Sole outlasts *at least* two ordinary leather soles.

New-boot bills cut down too—for "Dri-ped" Soles on new footwear make the *uppers* last longer.

Get the double-wearing, wet-resisting "Dri-ped" Sole Leather in future—on both new and re-soled footwear.

"Dri-ped" is made from the best selected hides, by British labour. It is flexible and light, never squeaks and never slips.

You get "Dri-ped" from all good repairers and boot stores—but insist on genuine "Dri-ped," which has the "Dri-ped" Diamond in purple; without it, the leather's a substitute.



GET THIS BOOKLET FREE.—Write now on a post card for interesting free booklet, "*How to Double Boot Life*"—we'll send also a list of Repairers and Dealers stocking "Dri-ped" in your district.

WILLIAM WALKER & SONS, Ltd., County Buildings, Cannon St., Manchester.

DRI-PED

THE SUPER-LEATHER FOR SOLES

WEAK AND WASTED BABY

and Ailing Mother Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets, the All-British Remedy.

Mrs. Pinn, of 70 Bernard Road, Elm Grove, Brighton, says:—"I am quite sure that Dr. Cassell's Tablets saved my baby's life. He was so wasted with diarrhoea and sickness that I was almost afraid to dress and undress him. Ordinary treatment was not a bit of use, but when I used Dr. Cassell's Tablets there was an improvement almost at once. He only weighed 12 lb. at six months, and now, a year old, he is a fine, big baby. I was terribly run down with the strain of nursing baby. I suffered much from indigestion and headaches, and was so nervous that a sound would make me jump. I had dreadful attacks of neuralgia, too, but Dr. Cassell's Tablets cured me as thoroughly as they cured my baby, and now we are both in splendid health."



Mrs. Pinn, Brighton.

SEND FOR A FREE BOX.

Send your name and address and two penny stamps for postage, &c., to Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd. (Box T62), Chester Rd., Manchester, and you will receive a trial box free.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are a genuine and tested remedy for all forms of nerve or bodily weakness in old or young. They are composed of harmless ingredients which have an invigorating effect on all the nerve centres, and are the surest remedy for:—

**NERVOUS BREAKDOWN
NERVE PARALYSIS
SPINAL PARALYSIS
INFANTILE PARALYSIS
NEURASTHENIA**

**NERVOUS DEBILITY
SLEEPLESSNESS
ANÆMIA
KIDNEY DISEASE
INDIGESTION**

**STOMACH DISORDER
MAL-NUTRITION
WASTING DISEASES
PALPITATION
VITAL EXHAUSTION**

and are specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and the Critical Periods of Life. All chemists the world over sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 10½d, 1/1½, and 2/9—the 2/9 size being the most economical.

One Pair proves the economy of Wood-Milne Rubber Heels

An all-round economy it is, too—economy of energy, of nerves, of pocket—"Wood-Milne" Rubber Heels or Tips are always the most economical factor in their wearer's outfit!

"Wood-Milnes" make every road an easy road, keep you from getting down-at-heel, help you to feel sprightly all day long.

A War-Time Necessity

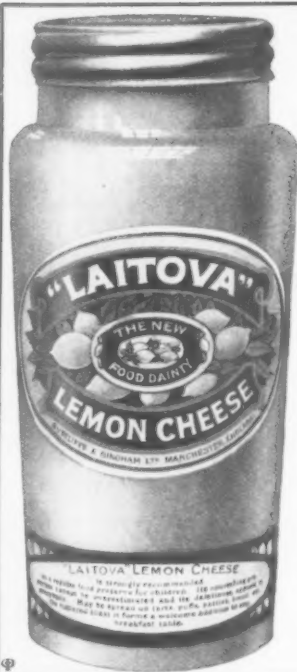
Such is the wearing quality of "Wood-Milne" Rubber Heels that every pair saves ten times its cost; think—in these war-time days—how much that means!

Sold in many varieties and many sizes.

Always be sure to see the name—
"WOOD-MILNE."



THE QUIVER



The National Food Dainty.

Give the youngsters the treat of their lives,
and, at the same time, *save the butter bill.*
Give them

Laitova Lemon Cheese

The daily spread for the children's bread.

There is nothing so delicious, so strengthening,
or so wholesome—every jar is brimful of
nourishment. Make some Laitova sandwiches
for tea to-day—everybody will enjoy them.

Nicer than butter—ask the children.
Cheaper than butter—ask the grocer.

In 6½d. screw-top jars.
Of all grocers and stores.

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, Ltd., Cornbrook, MANCHESTER.

The Fighting Qualities

**THE RED CORPUSCLES
IN THE BLOOD ARE
YOUR SOLDIERS. KEEP
THEM REINFORCED BY
NATURE'S OWN TONIC.**

of every man and woman are to be found in the little red corpuscles in the blood. . . . If these are deficient the power of resistance against disease and decay is tremendously weakened, until, after a feeble struggle, the constitution surrenders itself to a permanent state of Nervous Debility which brings death as a happy release.

WELCH'S NON-ALCOHOLIC Sterilised INVALID WINE

BRINGS THE VICTORY OF HEALTH!

Every pint of **WELCH'S INVALID WINE** represents the juice of upwards of 5 lbs. of the finest grapes, and is guaranteed to be free from alcohol, sugar, water, colour or flavouring matter.

**THE BEST GIFT
FOR OUR SICK
AND WOUNDED**

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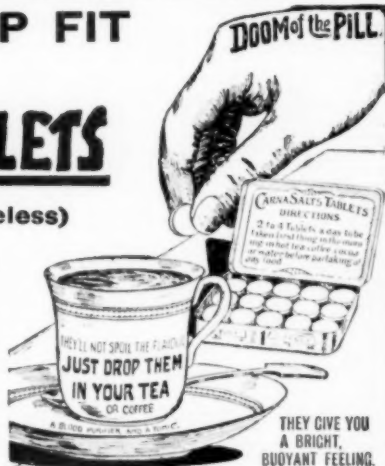
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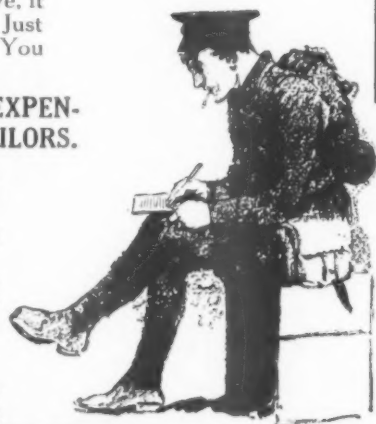
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A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

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Your friend,

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The Editor

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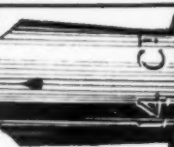
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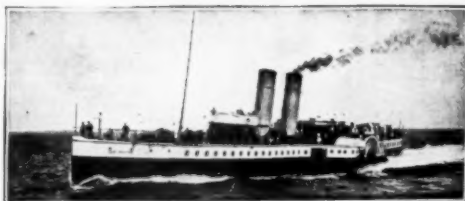
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THE QUIVER

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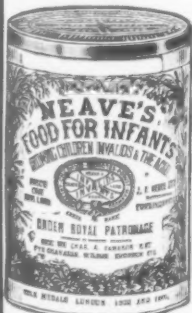
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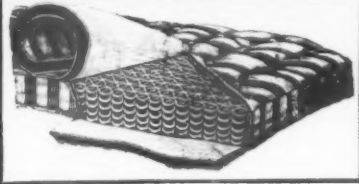
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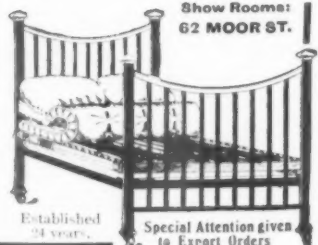
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In the
Castle Garden.

*From the painting by
W. Hatherell, R.J.*



THE QUIVER



VOL. L., No. 7

MAY, 1915

Home Life Number

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY

A Home Story

By Mrs. GEO. DE HORNE VAIZEY

A FRENCH author has christened the eighth year of marriage "the difficult year." Edgar and Ethel Banner had been married for eight years, and were unconsciously agreeing in this verdict. Theirs had been a love marriage, and in a quiet, unexciting way fortune had smiled on their joint lives. They had a pretty little house in a northern suburb, three pretty children, and a comfortable, if modest, income. They had good health and satisfactory prospects; they loved each other, and had never regretted their choice, and yet—and yet—something was wrong, something was lacking. Husband and wife were alike conscious of a growing flatness of spirit; a failing of the heart in looking forward; an absence of the old zest and enthusiasm.

Edgar made his way home from the tube at night with a bored realisation that the evening before him would be exactly like hundreds of other dull, uneventful evenings which he and Ethel had spent together during the past few years. Ethel would be tired; probably the nurse or the cook would be "out," and dinner, in consequence, cut down to the smallest possible dimensions. After dinner baby would wake and cry, and Ethel would go upstairs to attend to him, and come back looking still more tired. Edgar would sit in an arm-chair and read;

Ethel would sit in an arm-chair and sew. About ten o'clock she would say she was so tired she could really not sit up a moment longer, and would retire to bed. Edgar would smoke a pipe until eleven, and go to bed in his turn. The next morning it would all begin again, and work through to the same inevitable end. It had been the same for years past; it would be the same for years to come. Edgar had been a public-school boy, brought up to a life of sport and activity; now he was a man of barely thirty-four, and had no money and no time for sport. He felt caged, stifled, oppressed.

Ethel had been the only daughter of well-to-do parents, and before marriage had enjoyed a full, interesting life. Plenty of amusement and variety, serious interests too—classes for studies of various kinds, societies in which interesting people met together and discussed the problems of the day. Mind and body had been kept occupied, and the days had not seemed long enough for all that was to be done. Then she had fallen in love with Edgar, had married, and settled down. Now she was thirty-one, and her days were filled by an infinity of domestic duties—nursing, sewing, mending, contriving, ordering meals, caring for her home in the innumerable ways which fall to the part of the mistress of a small estab-

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ishment. There was no time for study now, no time for societies; Ethel told herself rebelliously that her brain was running to seed. She had no time to think of anything but babies, and bottles, and spring cleaning, and new pelisses, and grocers' bills, and registry offices, and the eternal problem of what to have for dinner. She loved Edgar, she loved her children, but—she was tired, she was dull. She asked flatly of herself: "Is this all?"

Ethel's mother had seen the growth of this miasma of dullness, and had done her best to counteract it, but the efforts of mothers for the good of their married children are predestined to failure.

"You and Edgar are leading too self-centred a life. It's not good for either of you. You work hard, and you need change and recreation. Why don't you ask a couple of friends to dinner now and again?"

"Mother, how absurd! As if I could give dinner parties with no parlourmaid to wait at table!"

"I didn't suggest dinner parties. I suggested asking the Brewsters, or the Mays, or some other nice young couple whom you could entertain simply."

"I can't afford to entertain anyone."

"Nonsense, dear! You can quite well afford a simple, dainty little dinner, and no one would expect more. As for the parlourmaid, I would lend you Mason for the night."

"Edgar wouldn't like it at all. He hates any fuss or excitement."

"No man enjoys the idea of a party beforehand. Every man enjoys it when it is an accomplished fact. Edgar needs cheerful companionship at the end of his day's work. So do you, and if you entertain your friends you will be asked back in return. Wouldn't you enjoy an occasional evening in another house?"

"I—don't—know! I'm so tired, and I've got out of the way. And it all costs——"

"Medicine costs, my dear. Doctor's visits cost. A few shillings spent on innocent amusement would be as good as a tonic to both of you just now. Be sensible, Ethel, and take my advice. I haven't lived to my age without learning *some* wisdom!"

"Oh, well—I will think about it. I can't do anything this month, for nurse is going to have her holiday, and I must have the kitchen whitewashed. After that, perhaps, when we have settled down; but really,

mother, you must leave me to manage my own affairs!"

Then the mother would sigh and take her departure, and on the way home determine never again to make a suggestion and put herself in the way of being snubbed; but, being a mother, she naturally did not keep her resolution, and went on trying. And went on being snubbed!

Suddenly, at the end of eight years, something happened. It was spring-time, and the call of the wind, and the sun, and Edgar's own young blood swept aside in a moment the resolution of years. Edgar walked home from the tube that night with a quicker, more buoyant tread, but there was a flicker of discomfort on his face as he saw Ethel industriously raking the gravel paths of the little garden. Only that morning she had said that new gravel was badly needed, and he had declared that he could not afford it. And since then——

"I've joined the golf club, Ethel!" he announced quickly. "Brewster has been persuading me for some time, and to-day he came over to say that the entrance fee is going to be raised, but that if I would make up my mind at once he could get me through at the old rate. So I decided to take the chance."

Ethel leant on her rake and stared at him blankly. The idea of the golf club was new to her, though it had long lain in Edgar's mind, and she needed time to take it in.

"How much is the entrance fee?" she asked practically, and Edgar averted his eyes as he replied:

"Ten pounds—with the subscription. Very cheap for a golf club."

"Oh!" said Ethel. It is fair to her that at that moment it was not the gravel of which she thought, or the dozen little needs which had been put aside as too expensive; what she thought of were the Saturday afternoons, which, so far, husband and wife had spent together, and which now would be spent apart. It had made a change to have Edgar home to tea; the children had looked forward to it as a treat. In summer the table had been laid in the garden. In a quiet way, Saturday tea had been a little festival; now it would be like every other afternoon. Edgar would be away playing golf . . .

While she was thinking, Edgar was speaking quickly, almost violently, as if

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY

defending himself against an unspoken charge.

"I must have exercise!" he cried. "I must have fresh air! I feel stifled for want of it. My lungs feel as if they were closing up. I can't go on working year after year without any change. Ten pounds isn't much to spend on a year's amusement!"

"It seems very little. I—I'm glad you joined. It will do you good. You'll enjoy it so much," Ethel said.

She meant it, and Edgar knew that she meant it. He was very tender to her that evening, and read extracts aloud to amuse her as she sewed, as he had done during the first years of their marriage; but Ethel's heart was heavy within her. She also was hungry for change and refreshment, and it appeared that life was to be duller than before.



Edgar had played golf in his bachelor days; when he began again the fever gripped him in its most aggravated form. All week long he looked forward to his afternoon on the links; if he played well he was afire to do better and reduce his handicap; if he played badly he fretted and chafed to retrieve his laurels. No weather was bad enough to keep him from his beloved links, and, once there, he could not drag himself away until the light was gone. During that summer Ethel's Saturday evenings, as well as her afternoons, were spent alone; and week by week a feeling of soreness and rebellion grew in her heart. It was not that she grudged Edgar his relaxation, she was honestly glad that he should have healthful exercise in the fresh air, but—but after all, were they not partners in life, and was it quite fair that on holiday afternoons one should always play and the other be always left at home? She also was young, and the sun, and the wind, and her own young blood called to her as loudly as they had called to Edgar himself. The week seemed much longer now that Saturday was like every other day, and when Edgar bustled in at nine o'clock, brown and beaming, it became increasingly difficult to smile and listen with due interest to accounts of his prowess at hole nine.

Before the summer was over, Edgar began to find exercise necessary on Sundays as on Saturdays. He did not play golf, but with a man friend as companion he started forth

directly after dinner on country walks, from which he returned in time for an eight-o'clock supper. He explained that he felt so much better mentally and physically for his Saturday expeditions, that for the interests of his wife and children, as well as his own, it was plainly his duty to get further exercise on Sunday, and he suggested that Ethel should make a third on these last expeditions.

Ethel looked him straight in the eyes and said coldly:

"You know perfectly well that that is impossible. Either nurse or cook is always out on Sunday, and I cannot leave one maid to prepare meals and look after the children."

"The maids are *always* out!" Edgar replied fretfully, thankful to be able to blame somebody else; because of course, as Ethel had said, he *had* realised the impracticability of his suggestion, and felt reproached by her accusation. "Well!—I'm sorry. But you must see that I'm right. I am the breadwinner. It's essential for me to keep well."

Ethel's eyes gave out a little flash. The smouldering resentment of months flared suddenly into flame, and she determined to "have it out."

"If you are the breadwinner, I am the bread dispenser! You work for the money, but I have the harder task of planning, and screwing, and saving, and working not only all day but all evening, too, to make both ends meet. I work as hard as you do, and harder, but it doesn't seem to occur to you that I need any amusement or change!"

"My good girl, you are your own mistress. You can arrange your time to please yourself. You can go out and visit your friends every afternoon of the week——"

"Except for the small detail that I am too tired to go. I must take the children out in the morning to set nurse free to clean the nursery and do baby's washing. If you had ever tried pushing two heavy children in a perambulator for three hours on end, and then keeping them while nurse had her dinner, and then helping to dress them for their afternoon walk, you would have discovered that one does not feel exactly fresh enough to start out visiting!"

"Other women seem to manage it. You never complained until I tried to get a little relaxation for myself. I must say it's not particularly pleasant to come home to constant grumblings and complaints. Surely you

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could arrange that nurse should take the children entirely for *one* day in the week—say Saturdays—and get some friend to go about with you in the afternoon."

"No woman would accept an invitation for Saturday. She keeps that day for her husband," said Ethel significantly. Then she sighed, and her voice took a wistful note. "Besides, we seem to have so few friends!"

"We've let them all drop. It's been a mistake. All work and no play is not good for anyone."

Ethel thought of her mother's repeated petitions, and acknowledged to her own heart that she would have done well to be warned in time; but a ruffled temper is not improved by a consciousness of guilt, and there was certainly no sign of remorse in the tartness of her reply:

"I imagined, in my innocence, that *my* society and the children's was enough for your happiness! I see I am mistaken."

Across the room the two pairs of eyes met in a cold, angry stare, so different, so pitifully different, from the love glance of long ago! Ethel's pretty face looked so pinched and sharp that there was hardly any prettiness left; Edgar's was flushed and lowering.

"Precious amiable and cheerful companion you are at this moment, I must say!"

They had had their little quarrels before now, but it was the first, the very first time he had ever sneered at anything she had said. Ethel turned on her heel and marched out of the room.



The next Sunday Edgar stayed at home for the whole of the day, and it was one of the most miserable days that Ethel had ever spent. When three o'clock came and he still sat motionless in his chair, she began to be visited by pangs of discomfort and remorse. It was a glorious summer day, not too hot, not too cold, just the day of all others for a healthy country walk. With the contrariety of womankind she longed to see Edgar go out into "the hall, take his hat and stick, and sally forth into the road, but he sat on and on. She was too proud to question him as to his movements, too self-conscious to behave in a natural, easy manner; and, by the worst of bad luck, the children were at their noisiest, and most troublesome that afternoon. Baby was teething, and indulged in spells of violent screaming. Margaret spilt her milk over the tea-table, and

cried when she was rebuked; little John toddled about the room pulling books from the shelves, upsetting tables and chairs, and making a determined raid on china ornaments. There had been a time when Edgar had laughed and joked, and played the part of assistant nurse with an air of enjoying his duties, but to-day he was elaborately resigned, elaborately forbearing. He thrust his hands deep down into his pockets and stood with his back to the room, staring out into the street. Boredom and impatience were written on every line of his figure. After that day he never attempted, and Ethel never asked him, to stay at home!

A year passed by, and, steadily, surely the rift grew. Ethel's face had lost its sweet expression; it was only at rare intervals that she voiced her discontent, but her set face, her curling lip spoke more biting words than Edgar refused some little household comfort on the ground of expense. It was abundantly evident by this time that the expenses of golf were only introduced by the annual subscription, and there were several bills waiting because the ready money was not forthcoming to pay them. Edgar said that there was nothing to worry about in leaving a bill over for three months.

"If you hadn't that to worry over, you'd worry over something else. I don't know what has come over you lately. What on earth is it all about?" he said sharply.

"All work and no play," Ethel said dully.

"Don't talk rubbish!" cried Edgar, and marched out of the room.



Edgar caught a chill on the golf links, came home shivering, and went to bed with a severe attack of the prevalent "flu." For ten days he was really ill, and even after he was up and dressed the doctor refused to let him leave the house until a full week had elapsed. He was sorry to hear that such a long absence from the office was especially inconvenient at this time of year, but he could not possibly alter his verdict. There was no reason against doing work at home, however. Could not Mr. Banner send to the office for his books, and employ himself over them by his own fireside?

Edgar welcomed the suggestion with all the eagerness of a man who has been idle for fourteen long days, and nothing would suit him but that Ethel should start for the City



"Edgar stayed at home for the whole of the day, and it was one of the most miserable days that Ethel had ever spent."

Drawn by
Stephen Spurrer.

THE QUIVER

the moment that the doctor had turned his back. He gave her a letter to present to his chief, and thanked her in advance in his old loving manner. He had been "the old dear Edgar" since his illness, his wife told herself with a sigh, unconscious that part at least of the change was due to the fact that she herself had behaved towards him like the "old dear Ethel"!

The sun was shining brilliantly when Ethel left her high northern suburb. It was one of those clear, exhilarating days which we in England enjoy all too seldom, when even commonplace objects become invested with beauty and it is a pleasure just to move and be alive. She went into the tube station in a blaze of sun; she came out at the Bank into a grey, cheerless region where it appeared as if no sun had ever been, but only noise and gloom, and a heavy blanket-like atmosphere, and an everlasting procession of men in dark coats, with grey, tired faces.

"And it was such a glorious day at home! Oh, poor Edgar, *is it like this every day?*" asked Ethel of herself.

She found the office without much difficulty. It was a palatial building, and a commissionaire in livery directed Ethel to the department of which her husband was the head. The room was long and narrow. There were over twenty clerks seated at desks, scribbling away as if for dear life; and here, even more than in the street, the atmosphere was heavy and stagnant. From without sounded the dull roar of the traffic; the clerk nearest to her looked up wearily, glanced at the clock, and went on with his work. "Not yet three o'clock!" that glance seemed to say. "Three hours more before I can hope to be free!"

"Oh, poor Edgar!" sighed Ethel to herself. "Does he look at the clock too, and long for closing time?"

At the end of the room a wooden structure marked off what to Ethel's uninitiated eye looked like a horse-box, but which turned out to be the private room in which Edgar, as head of the department, sat aloof in dreary state. Here the light was so dim that the electric burners were fully employed, while a particularly evil gas stove filled the grate. Ethel seated herself by the desk to wait while her husband's letter was read and his instructions carried out.

There was some delay in getting together

the books and wrapping them in paper for Ethel to take away, and before she reached the street she was conscious of a feeling of constriction in her chest which recalled Edgar's repeated description of his own feeling. "I am stifled," he had said. "My lungs feel blocked up." "I am panting for fresh air."

"And I *grudged it to him!*" Ethel said to herself. "I *grudged it to him!*" And a great pang of remorse pierced through her heart. During those ten days of her husband's illness the bitterness of the last months had been forgotten, and she had realised afresh how infinitely dear and precious he was. Suppose—suppose Edgar had *died*? Suppose she had had to do without him not only for two afternoons but for evermore! Suppose she had been left to realise, when it was too late, that he had died for want of the exercise and fresh air which had been a bone of contention between them for months past?

Ethel had several messages to do before returning home, and the evening was bitterly cold. That night she alternately shivered and glowed with heat; the next day her head began to ache. Alas! there was no doubt about it—she also was in for "flu," and must retire to bed in her turn.

"What a mercy that I am up and able to look after things for you! Don't worry, darling. Just lie still and rest your poor head, and leave everything to me," Edgar said sweetly; and never a shadow of doubt crossed his masculine mind that he could attend to his own books, and Ethel's domestic "everything" into the bargain.

Ethel had a bad attack, so bad that a nurse had to be engaged to sit up with her at nights, and for a week she was incapable of either thinking or caring about anything but the intolerable aching in her head, and the darting rheumatic pains which made a torture of every fresh movement. Edgar had, in very truth, to look after "everything," and a mountainous task he found it.

Nurse wished to know what was to be done about the children in the morning, for she couldn't be out *and* in at the same time; and what about the washing? Cook said it was her day out on Wednesday, and she wouldn't have minded for once if it hadn't just happened that her cousin had come home from Australia—what about a charwoman for the day? The hospital nurse said that

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY



"The messenger refused to leave the parcel, and left Edgar standing on the doorstep."

Drawn by
Steven Spurrier.

Mrs. Banner was not being properly nourished; and cook said if her beef tea didn't please, they could find someone who made it better. On a particularly cold day the coal gave out, and cook said she couldn't think of *everything*, and whatever she did she was bound to be wrong. Little Margaret cried to be with daddie, and then whined by the hour because she wanted "my mummy." Chops appeared on the dinner-table with dreary regularity, and there was no fruit, because "the missus always chose it herself." An important parcel arrived, and the messenger refused to leave it unless the exact amount of change was delivered into his hand. He himself had no change; he would not accept a cheque, and the combined purses of the household could not produce the exact sum required. The parcel was thereupon carried away, leaving Edgar standing on the doorstep saying things that cannot be written down. The dining-room chimney smoked. "Missus" had been going to tell the sweep to come on

Wednesday, but "she'd been took ill," and cook had never "give it a thought." Tens of things—dozens—scores of things went wrong, as a consequence of cook never giving them a thought. It was prodigious to realise what an amount of thinking Ethel must have to do! In the course of one single morning fifteen separate calls were made upon Edgar's patience and ingenuity.

"Good heavens!" he cried in despair, "is this the sort of thing poor Ethel has to go through every day of her life? It would drive me mad."

By the time that Ethel was able to come downstairs again, the pretty home-like rooms had strangely altered in appearance. Curtains hung askew, plants withered in their pots, silver and copper had lost their polish, chairs and tables stood in stiff unnatural rows. Everything was the same, and yet—everything was different. The shell of the room was there; the spirit of home had departed. Edgar Banner looked at his wife's thin face, and felt a pang of remorse.

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"Darling!" he said tenderly, "I've been a selfish brute to leave you so much this last year. I had no idea that running a house took it out of one like this. To fellows in town it seems so restful to stay at home all day. But, by Jove! this last week——"

"Oh, Edgar dear, I felt the same about you when I went into the City. It was all so grey and gloomy, and I sat in that close, dark room and imagined you prisoned there day after day. I felt that I had been a selfish wretch to grudge you your hours in the fresh air; but you must forgive me, dear, it was only because I loved you, and wanted to have you at home, and the week-ends seemed so flat, so *long*——"

"Look here, darling," said Edgar firmly, "we have been making a big mistake, and it's a rattling good thing we have found it out before things have gone too far. Some young couples waste too much money on amusement and self-indulgence, and get into debt and trouble that way; others go to the opposite extreme, and allow themselves no relief from the everlasting daily grind. All work and no play—that's been *our* mistake; and we've both suffered, and grown dull and flat and wearied out. Then, like a selfish cur, I broke loose, and found amusement for myself and left you in the lurch."

"I had the children and the house. They ought to have been enough."

"They are the best things we have got—our children and our life together in our little home; but we should appreciate them more, and make a better success of them too, if we got away for a few hours now and then to meet other people, and talk of different things and look at different scenes. We'll do it too, or I'll know the reason why! I won't drop golf entirely, for it does me good, but I'll give up every alternate Saturday to you, and we'll hire extra help if it's needed, so that you can come off with an easy mind, and we'll have a real good time *together*——"

"But—Edgar! the money?"

Edgar squared his chin with his most determined look.

"The money's got to be managed. We'd find it fast enough if it was a case of illness, and this is illness of the worst kind—the mental illness that threatens to deprive us of something more precious than life—our love, and the happiness of our life together. Do you think we ought to find it difficult to spare a few shillings a week for such a cause as that? Isn't it worth a little planning and contriving?"

"It's worth—everything, *everything*! Oh, Edgar, how lovely to go out together, to be happy and enjoy ourselves, just as we did when we were young, and were in love——"

"We are young still, goosey, and in love still, thank God! though we were growing too flat and stale to realise it. Now from to-day we will start life on a different rule, and treat ourselves as human beings, not machines. We'll work as hard as ever—harder if you like, but we'll play too! We'll have our little holidays together, and we'll see our friends, and enjoy our own home a hundred times better because we are not everlastingly shut up inside its four walls."

"Oh, Edgar, I do love you. You are so wise. You are *perfectly* right, darling. We will! we will! we will! I only wish we had been sensible enough to realise it years ago; but never mind, better late than never. We are going to 'live happily ever after,'" cried Ethel rapturously.



The old and the wise will note that it had completely slipped Ethel's memory that her mother had been preaching the same lesson for years on end, and preaching in vain. Wherein lieth a lesson. But the lesson will never be mastered!



PROBLEMS OF HOME LIFE

Some Difficulties of Modern Parents

By HERBERT D. WILLIAMS

THE modern parent is sometimes apt to think that the problems of home life in his day and generation are so much more acute than at any other time; what with the picture palace, trashy literature, girls going to work, and the general laxity of the age, it seems difficult to maintain that discipline and system that fathers and mothers of other days would appear to have taught and practised.

We live in a freedom-loving age; all the world over—except in Germany!—our institutions tend to be more and more democratised, until democracy finds its way even into the kitchen.

Parental Authority on the Wane

I think that there can be no doubt of the fact—mourn it or not as you will—that parental authority is on the wane. Of course there are degrees. In some homes here and there one still finds mother and father assuming autocratic charge over the bodies and souls of their children, where implicit obedience is demanded even from sons and daughters in their twenties, and where children are more afraid of their parents than of anything else in the world. This sort of thing is becoming rare, whilst at the other extreme the American child with its extreme precocity, bad manners, and air of absolute equality, is not rare, and by no means precious!

But, generally speaking, the old-fashioned parent who believed

that a child should hold him in fear and awe is fast disappearing. Mr. A. C. Benson, in his volume "Along the Road," has a helpful essay on the subject of "The Younger Generation," which parents and teachers might well study and take to heart. Mr. Benson rejoices that, however good were the good old days of the bygone, the present times are in every way better for all concerned.

Good through Fear?

Fear is inhibitory of good, and oftentimes stimulates the powers of evil. A joyous spirit is meet for peace or war.

"The point is, I think, to bring up children to be happy. Of course, they must be obedient and conscientious. But children only want a motive, and there is far more



Mother's Help.

Photo by
Major Harry Jarvis.

THE QUIVER



"Encourage the play-in-
stinct in a child."

potent a force at work if they learn to do their duty for the sake of those whom they love and because they love them, than because of an abstract and unintelligible code of rules. The aim is to get them somehow habituated to right conduct, and the simpler and more direct the motive the better. Then, too, one wants children to find the world a friendly and a kindly place, and to feel themselves welcome to it. There are plenty of hard, sorrowful, and dreadful things waiting for them, which no one can escape. But we need not add to those terrors the terrors of harshness and unkindness at the outset."

The Picture Palace Problem

The problems of modern home life vary enormously, not only with the age of the children, but with the family temperament and the local conditions obtaining.

Here, for instance, is a mother who complains that her girls have an inordinate love for the cinema. Night after night, if they have their way, they will go to see the pictures, visiting the various shows in turn. Now it is easy to demonstrate the danger of this, if the child is allowed to go its own

way. Personally I believe that the picture palace has a decided place both in our social life and in the child's education. Unfortunately the producers of films seem to find it by no means easy to secure plots that shall grip their audience, and at the same time be morally harmless to young boys and girls. I suppose that the average strong man of sound mind could witness the three or four murders enacted on the sheet without feeling more than a passing sensation of displeasure, but the harm to a child's mind from the representation of crime has often been demonstrated.

Somehow those who are supposed to know the popular taste in these matters usually sandwich in with the cowboy chase, an exciting plot involving a murder or two, and a story of domestic infidelity. These things are not "immoral" in the ordinary sense of the term, but to the young mind they are harmful. Much improvement might be expected if parents would themselves attend the cinemas pat-

ronised by their children, and take the trouble, whenever a harmful film is shown, to write to the manager, calmly and reasonably, pointing out their objections, and at the same time praising other pictures worthy of commendation. It is wonderful what a word of wise criticism will sometimes accomplish, and, without it, how is an ordinary commercial provider to know?

Our Lost Hobbies

But apart from this aspect of the case, and allowing that it would be extreme folly to forbid the attendances at the "pictures" altogether, there must be something wrong with the home life and training of boys and girls if the cinema craze is found to grow to such an extent, and to last. A boy or girl must have change, but the home life must be exceedingly unattractive if it cannot "hold" the youth at all.

In cases of this kind the root of the evil may perhaps be found in the lack of hobbies that make the modern child different from his predecessor. Knitting and sewing seem to be on the decline with the modern girl; the modern boy or girl will often escape the rigours of the piano lesson—happily, say the neighbours, and happily, too, will true

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educationists admit, when music is taught irrespective of liking or aptitude.

But no child—and no adult for that matter—can be completely happy without a hobby. If you take a home where discord is perpetual and peace at a discount, it will often be found that the members of the household have never been taught to find a hobby. They can only get amusement from the outside.

Encourage the play-instinct in a child. Do not surround the little one with elaborate mechanical toys, and tell him to sit patiently whilst you play with them, but allow him to use his brains on a little paper and wood, and do not too violently repress the childish imagination that can turn these into fairy castles. The child who can build a house of bricks is in every way happier than the pampered darling who can go to the pantomime as often as he cares to.

Children are not Wax

Many of the problems of home life arise from fallacies of a bygone age.

For instance, we have been told that

children are as wax in our hands; we have only to mould them as we will. The analogy is a false one, but some parents, with the best intentions in the world, have sought by sheer strength of will and personality to impress certain habits and virtues upon their children. The result, generally speaking, is either weakness of character, or rebellion.

Children are not lifeless wax to be shaped to our liking. A better simile would be that of the growing plant: one can no more mould a child to a required shape and character than one can a plant; in both cases proper conditions, careful tending, room for development, etc., will be enormously useful, but the child has within itself the potential life just as has the flower, and the wise parent will aim at allowing the child's personality to develop rather than impress upon it something from outside, however good and inestimable that may be from the parents' point of view.

Some parents desire to be on a pedestal as far as their children are concerned; exacting worship and obedience. The modern parent



"No child can be completely happy without a hobby."

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aims rather at being the companion and confidante of the child.

As Old as the Hills

Many problems of the modern home arise from a cause as old as the hills—the clashing of different personalities.



"The modern parent aims rather at being the confidante of the child."

Written by
Stanley Davis

When the child is younger, and the parents' authority unquestionable, there is less likely to be trouble on this score, but throughout history the spectacle of the difference between father and son, mother and daughter, has been only too common, and when the child is grown up, something

of the kind seems inevitable, human nature being what it is.

As I said before, we live in a democratic age, and it is becoming more and more difficult for parents to settle questions of this character simply by relying upon authority. Somehow, Nature has provided that whereas

a child is always like its parents, it is frequently at the same time unlike them. Furthermore, it is sadly true that our own faults, reproduced in somebody else, are the very things that irritate us the most. Here, then, is cause for unhappiness in family life. Some personalities must clash, and will continue to do so; in cases such as these, is it not far better to "agree to differ," and keep up the spirit only of family unity rather than the corporate proximity of the home circle? Nature never intended the family bond to be a lasting one. The mother bird, as soon as her young ones are old enough, shakes up the nest, and there have been many instances in family life where the neglect to copy Nature's method has meant tragedy rather than unity.

The time sometimes comes when the Gordian knot is better cut.

The great solvents of the problems of home life are sympathetic understanding and mutual good will. It requires patience and a good deal of imagination to understand the point of view of people who have been growing under one's eyes for years; and

when that point of view is reached it often requires that most difficult of sacrifices—the giving up of little things—to make peace.

As with marriage, so with family life, it is the ability to give and take, the genius for comprehension and compromise, that make for happiness and success.

THE GARDEN CITY HOME

A Talk with Mr. Ebenezer Howard, its Creator

By REGINALD R. BUCKLEY

A QUIET voice, a non-obtrusive manner, combined with an expression of controlled determination, distinguish the founder of the First Garden City, Letchworth, from the thousands of white-haired men in black morning coats that abound in the world. Without his grasp of civic and social practicalities, without the humour hidden in his grey, spectacled eyes, he would have been a dreamer beyond hope. Without his ideals, he would have been a town councillor of the usual type.

As it is, he is one of the few creative spirits evolved by, rather than in spite of, modern civilisation. He is as modern as Shaw, as old-fashioned as John Woolman.

With all his seriousness, he is a keen observer and an amusing talker.

He was born in London sixty-four years ago. He left school at the age of fifteen, and began to earn his own living. Having taught himself shorthand, he took down a sermon of Dr. Parker, of the City Temple. This introduction led to his becoming secretary to the famous preacher.

"How did you become interested in Social Reform?" I asked.

"I hardly know what to say about it," said Mr. Howard, leaning back in his chair. "I was born in the heart of the City, and though I then accepted with little question extreme riches and dire poverty as quite natural, even as a mere boy I noticed certain minor evils that might be remedied by joint or timely action. Thus I noticed that the buildings in Moorgate Street would pre-

sent a far better appearance if their stucco fronts were all painted at the same time, for then, as they weathered, or became grimy with City smoke, they would at least present an appearance of oneness: I saw that the lack of this was due to a want of communal sense. I remember, too, that some buildings on the south side of Ludgate Hill at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard

projected into the narrow road. These were pulled down, and to my horror a new building was erected on the site. My advice as a mere boy would have saved the City Corporation many thousands of pounds, for a few years afterwards the building was pulled down for street widening.

"But I think it was the reading of 'Progress and Poverty' which first drew my attention to the problem of extreme poverty in the midst of great wealth, and though I was by no means convinced of the efficiency of the remedy proposed, I became certain that a remedy could and must be found, and went steadily in search of it.

It was the reading of 'Looking Backward' which stirred me most, and after its perusal I began to work at the idea of a model town as the nucleus or starting-point of a great social reform, which, however, I saw quite clearly must really come about through a change in mental and moral outlook. At this time I had not heard of Port Sunlight or of Bournville, but at a later stage I did, and I felt that the work done by Lever and Cadbury would enormously strengthen the case for a yet bolder experiment, and this proved to be so."



Mr. Ebenezer Howard.

Photo: Elliott & Fry.

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"When did you first publish your book, 'Garden Cities of To-morrow'?" I asked.

"In 1898; but a greater part of it was written years before. No publisher, however, cared to publish it at his own risk, and until an American friend came to my help I had not enough cash to spare to publish it at my own cost."

"What was the first step after the publication of the book?"

"It was the formation of the Garden City Association to propagate the idea. Sir John Leng, M.P. for Dundee, presided at the first public meeting, and later on Mr. Ralph Neville—now Mr. Justice Neville—became its president. After a few years of seed sowing, a company was formed to build the First Garden City on a site of 3,818 acres (since increased to 4,500) at Letchworth, thirty-four miles from London."

"What was the then population?"

"About 400, and with a distinct tendency to decline farther. To-day there is a population of 9,000, some of whom have been attracted to the town because of its advantages as a healthy place of residence—part of the estate is very picturesque—and because of its twentieth-century atmosphere; but the larger number because they find employment in the many industries which

have been established in an area which was before purely agricultural. Here the workers live in garden-surrounded cottages within a few minutes' walk, in many cases, of their work."

"Is it an advantage to the townspeople that the estate belongs to a private company rather than to a number of different individuals?"

"Under the circumstances it is. You must remember the company limits its dividend to 5 per cent., and all profit earned beyond this is to be spent for the benefit of the townspeople. But in time the estate and the whole undertakings of the company will be purchased by the community."

"Are there any advantages which flow from having so large an area of land under one ownership?"

"The advantages are very great. It is this which has made town-planning possible on a really comprehensive scale, such as is to be found nowhere in England up till now. The company, too, without troubling Parliament or Local Government Board, have provided the town with water, gas, electricity, and have laid out many miles of roads and sewers."

"What is the net result of the ten years' experiment?" was my next question—for it is just over ten years since the first complete example of a pre-planned town came into existence here.

"It has been largely due to the work done by the Garden City Association, and by the Garden City Company at Letchworth, that the importance of town-planning has come to be so fully recognised. Letchworth has led to the formation of dozens of garden suburbs, while there are now German, French, and Spanish, as well as an International Garden City Association, and all these are spreading the gospel of more space and more light and air for the dwellings of the people."

"What are the distinguishing features of the plan of the town?"

"Chiefly three—the pro-



A Typical Garden City Home.

Photo
W. Irving.

THE GARDEN CITY HOME

vision of an agricultural belt, so that the town shall be not only industrial and residential, but also agricultural; the assignment of special areas for the industries of the town; and the provision of plenty of open space as from the very beginning, and the limitation of the number of houses to the acre. The limit is twelve."

"Are there any special benefits which flow from this limitation of the number of cottages to the acre?"

"There are very great benefits. The chief of these is improved health. The infantile death-rate of Letchworth is 50 per thousand as against 100 in London, 150 in Birmingham, 200 in Middlesbrough; and, remember, a low infantile death-rate implies also greater vitality generally. Then the cultivation of the garden, besides affording pastime, may yield excellent results in vegetables for the family. Prevention is better than cure, and to build a cottage costing, say, £160, under Letchworth conditions will mean a saving during the existence of that cottage of on an average four lives, and the strengthening of many more. Now, as the State will lend two-thirds of the cost of such a cottage to societies of public utility, it will be seen that fifty guineas will build a very effective life-saving apparatus."

"But can this be made to pay?"

"Yes; the Howard Cottage Society has always paid 5 per cent. on its capital, besides making all proper reserves."

"And how about Homesgarth?" I asked, remembering several happy visits to co-operative householders in that well-arranged home.

"The scheme is in many ways a complete success, but because it is not yet finished it is not yet remunerative; we hope to get some more houses built soon, and these



Garden City Homes
at Letchworth,

Photo by
Hunt & Irving.

will put the matter on a very different footing. Homesgarth is somewhat on the lines of Waterlow Court, only its benefits are not confined to women. It consists of a series of convenient houses and flats with a central building, in which are kitchen, dining-room, tea-room, smoke-room, garage for cycles, etc. There is central heating. Besides a large garden, there are private gardens to each dwelling."

Certainly the sky-scraping "mansion" fills one with horror after seeing so simple a solution of the home difficulty, and one which secures with great privacy the advantages of social intercourse.

Then Mr. Howard told me that he was working on a further enterprise that has "grown out of" Homesgarth, and which he hopes to put in operation shortly; and having heard his explanation of it, I prophesy that this will have even more far-reaching effects than the Garden City idea.

"The largest industry in the world is the home-making industry, is it not?" he asked.

I nodded.

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"Yet it is the worst organised, and work is performed with the greatest inefficiency, wastefulness, and discomfort. What a change, then, would be wrought if the work of the home were well organised and well performed!"

"Is this proposal to be limited to the leisured classes?"

"Certainly not. It is for all classes, but first and foremost it will prove of special value to people of small means, and to members of the artisan classes."

"Can you describe it shortly?"

"I think so, as it is extremely simple. On ten acres of ground I would erect sixty cottages and flats surrounding a central space of about two acres. The dwellings would be of various sizes, from one sitting-room with one bedroom and a small pantry, with gas-stove and sink, up to two sitting-rooms with three bedrooms, pantry, etc. Each cottage would have a small flower garden, but in addition to this nearly all the cottages would have immediate access to an allotment, with a total area of six acres. The rent of the dwellings would vary from about 4s. a week to perhaps 12s., including rates. (I am assuming that the menfolk, whose wives and sisters are taking part in this scheme, have work somewhere in the neighbourhood.) In the central area there would be a kitchen, from which meals would be sent out hot to the tenants; a crèche and nursery with a covered playground, workrooms with looms, knitting machines, sewing machines, and a laundry. Work in each of these departments would be organised according to the most up-to-date methods and with the best labour-saving appliances driven by power, and the tenants would sell what goods they did not use."

"How would this scheme be organised?"

"It would be carried out by a society of public utility, with a dividend limited to

5 per cent., and all the profits above this would go to the tenants, or to the extension of the enterprise."

"Then your object is to save labour without making a mere labour colony?" I suggested.

"Yes; it is a labour-saving scheme affecting the greatest and the most important industry of all, and it will be carried out in such a manner that the people whose labour is saved shall profit to the full by such saving. The work will be of varied interest. Home life will be carefully preserved. The mothers will have more time to devote to their children, and there will be more opportunities for the mutual enjoyment of the society of husband and wife. Woman, whose work is now 'never done,' will have time for rest and recreation, while the whole family will be better clothed and far better fed."

"I suppose you regard this, then, as the nucleus or starting-point of another movement?"

"Yes, and one which I venture to foresee will grow more rapidly even than the Garden City movement itself."

The keynote of Mr. Howard's life is simplicity. His dress is simple, and his various plans all have the same aim—unity in diversity, simplicity through wise methods. And if one looks into them, one finds that they are the result of an appalling sanity. At first they may cause amazement and amusement, and then later people almost forget how widespread their influence has been.

Someone said to him once, "Howard, you seem to be trying to run Socialism off your own bat." And it seems as if he really will do no little to bring about, if not Socialism, yet an order in which the true social spirit will strongly manifest itself without hindrance (or, indeed, help) from the politician.





A New Serial Story

CHAPTER I

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE WORLD

A SERIES of quick, staccato chirps outside her window stole into Ariel Falkiner's half-consciousness, and made her realise that she was really awake. Her fingers, tucked under the pillow, felt the crisp crackle of paper within their clasp, and a little thrill of happiness and excitement ran through her.

Then she had not imagined it; the letter from Andrew Carstairs was really, truly there.

The girl nestled down luxuriously, and drew it slowly from the envelope, her fingers touching the paper almost caressingly. It was quite short, but then that was like Andrew; he never squandered words either in speaking or writing.

"MY DEAR ARIE,—Do arrange to meet me somewhere to-morrow morning. I must see you and tell you something—the most important thing in the world to me.—Yours, ANDREW CARSTAIRS."

With a quick, impulsive movement, Ariel raised the letter to her lips. The next instant she felt as though she could have bowed her own ears for the action.

"Just like the heroine of a penny novellette," she thought angrily, as she slipped out of bed.

The sound of the clock striking six

brought the girl back to everyday life and the routine of the hospital. She stood for a moment looking out at the green young trees of the garden, and then began to dress with the quick deliberation which a nurse so soon learns. Her fingers did their work as deftly as usual, fastening the mauve print dress, and adjusting the trim white apron and sleeves. Only—the precious letter was propped up all the time against her pin-cushion, and when she caught a glimpse of her own face in the glass, as she pinned the pretty cap over her thick brown hair, Ariel was almost surprised at her own look of happiness.

She paused for a moment, her hands resting on the table before her, and a smile slowly crept from her lips into her blue eyes. So Andrew had found out at last what was the most important thing in the world, whilst she—she had known it so long.

Ariel had never thought of any other man in the same way. Indeed, to tell the truth, she had known very few men at all. In the quiet country village where she had lived until she was eighteen years old, Andrew Carstairs had been her only boy friend. And then, when her father died, and the girl was left alone to fend for herself, she had been too busy with her chosen profession to think very much about anything else. Of course, there were plenty of doctors and students with whom

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she came in contact, and they were all her very good friends. Yet, at least as far as she herself was concerned, they were only friends, for there was always Andrew's image at the back of her thoughts.

Now she knew that he had felt the same, and he was to tell her so to-day. . . . She had been growing rather disheartened; she had seen so little of him recently, but this letter came last night.

Ariel tucked it into her pocket as she left the tiny room. The long corridor outside looked wonderfully inviting this morning in its polished cleanliness, and the girl felt an undignified impulse to run or dance along its length. Try as she would to walk quietly, there must have been something unusual in her manner, for another nurse, who joined her at that moment, glanced at her curiously.

"Why, Falkiner, what has come to you this morning?" she asked. "You look as though someone had left you a fortune!"

Ariel hesitated and flushed, as she answered a little awkwardly:

"Oh, I don't know; I—I think— It's such a lovely morning, and it's my day out."

"Hm, I see!" The other looked her up and down with a twinkle in her keen eyes. "And who are you going to spend it with? Someone *very* interesting?"

Ariel's cheeks grew hotter and hotter, and she quickened her pace to escape from the laughing, kindly glance of her companion. To her annoyance she found that she could not laugh back naturally and unaffectedly.

Never had the hours from seven to eleven o'clock seemed so long to Ariel. Usually they were not half elastic enough to contain the work to be done, but to-day they appeared to extend to twice their normal length. And then, at the last minute, an accident was brought in, and the house-surgeon called her to help him. It was quite twenty minutes before he set her free.

At last she was back in her little room. She must go just as she was, she decided; there was no time to change into unprofessional dress. Yet it must be confessed that Ariel sighed deeply, as she tied the trim black velvet bonnet over her glossy hair, at the thought of the flowery civilian hat which she imagined, quite mistakenly, would suit her so much better.

It was a complete delusion, for Ariel was one of those girls to whom the dress of a nurse is essentially becoming. Her

charm lay in the freshness of her complexion and colouring rather than in any especial beauty of feature. There was something wholesome and healthful about her. Her mouth looked as though smiling were natural to it, and her eyes seemed always to have caught the infection. But to-day there was a new light in them, which made them at once brighter and more tender than usual.

The other nurses had seen the change, her patients had seen it, and even the grave senior house-surgeon, who passed her on the stairs as she went out, thought that he had never realised before what an uncommonly good-looking girl Nurse Falkiner was. The surly door-porter himself smiled with unusual affability in answer to her cheery "Good-morning" as she ran down the steps.

The streets seemed transfigured in the spring sunshine, and the pigeons wheeling against the sky might have been veritable blue-birds of happiness.

"How can anyone call London ugly?" thought Ariel, as she walked quickly along, her cloak thrown back, and her face raised to the warm sun-rays. "It's a perfectly lovely place!"

On the post card which she had sent to Andrew Carstairs the night before, Ariel had appointed to meet him at a certain place in Kensington Gardens, well known to both of them, and she hastened thitherwards, guiltily conscious that she was quite twenty minutes late.

Everywhere the flower-beds showed their fresh spring dresses, the grass was studded thickly with mauve, white and golden crocuses, and the baby leaves overhead looked almost incredibly green.

The Round Pond shimmered like a sheet of silver, and on a seat near to it Andrew Carstairs was waiting.

Long before she reached him, Ariel recognised the blue-serge-covered shoulders and the thick, fair hair, as he sat bare-headed, staring at the water before him.

The girl paused for an instant, and a little thrill of happy excitement ran through her. Then, with a brave attempt to appear perfectly natural, she walked quickly forward.

The man heard her light step on the gravel, and, springing to his feet, he came towards her, with an affectionate smile lighting up his somewhat grave face. There was nothing forced or strained about Car-

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stairs' hearty greeting, and Ariel felt angry at her own lack of ease as she returned his warm hand-shake and saw the unfeigned pleasure in his grey eyes.

"It was awfully good of you to come, Arie," he said. "It always seems such cheek to make you meet me like this, but we don't get much peace when I look you up at the hospital—and I *had* to see you alone to-day."

Try as she might Ariel could not prevent her cheeks from growing hotter and hotter. She laughed nervously as she tried to meet his eyes frankly.

"You—you look very serious, Andrew," was the best she could find to say.

"I feel so," he answered gravely.

He sat for a moment staring out over the dazzling water; then he turned to Ariel and laid his hand over hers as it rested on the seat beside her.

"I'll tell you all about it, Arie," he said; and there was, a look in his face which the girl had never seen there before. She nodded without speaking, her eyes fixed on the path at her feet. Ariel Falkiner never afterwards forgot the peculiar shape and colouring of a little pebble which lay there.

"I suppose it's a thing which happens to most men sooner or later," Andrew Carstairs was saying, and there was a dreamy note in his deep voice. "But, all the same, it seems to me as if no one had ever felt quite as I do before. . . . I'm in love, Arie, I'm in love."

Yes, she had known it—of course she had known it; but, all the same, the girl's heart gave a great throb of joy at his words.

"Perhaps you guessed," Andrew added, with a little half-shamefaced laugh.

"Yes, I think I did." Ariel's voice was low, but she raised her eyes to Andrew's very sweetly and honestly.

"Clever girl! And I've only known it myself such a short time. Perhaps you've guessed *who* it is, Ariel?" There was tender mockery in his voice.

"Yes, I think I know that too."

"Why, you must be a witch then, no less! How can you possibly know? I don't remember ever even mentioning Daisy to you."

For a moment Ariel was only conscious of one thing: that somehow—somehow she must keep her face concealed from Andrew. She turned away as far as she could, with a dull feeling of gratitude to the little breeze which blew her soft silk veil over

her shoulder and athwart her cheek. Everything before her eyes seemed to be unnaturally clear and definite in outline, and yet absolutely unreal, as though she had been flung into another world.

Then she realised that she must speak, and speak naturally, although the thing seemed impossible. Nevertheless it must be done.

Ariel turned towards Andrew, and it would have needed a more discerning man than he to read the signs of anything save affectionate interest in her sweet, flushed face.

"No, of course, I don't know her really," she said. "I was—laughing. I only meant that I guessed there was—someone. Tell me all about her, Andy."

And Andrew began to do so, bringing plenty of goodwill to the task. To Ariel all the little loving details were welcome, even whilst they hurt her cruelly. For it gave her time—time to gain control over her voice, over her face, over those eyes, which pricked and smarted with unshed tears.

Daisy, the girl learnt, was an orphan, quite alone in the world, except for an old aunt with whom she lived. Andrew had met her six months before at the house of mutual friends. She was pretty, of course; lovely, in fact. "And it is not just I who say so, Ariel," Andrew insisted, blushing boyishly; "everybody thinks the same."

Small, slight, with a creamy complexion, and eyes and hair of exactly the same shade of dark red-brown; certainly she must be fair enough, if the reality equalled the description. Ariel felt that, with a jealous pain at her heart.

At last Andrew paused, and the girl knew that she must speak. Well, it would be best to get it over.

"And when shall you be married?" she asked quietly.

A cloud crossed Andrew's face.

"Ah, that's just it," he answered. "That brings me to the reason which made me want to see you so particularly to-day. I'm awfully bothered, Ariel."

"The course of true love," Ariel quoted, with a little smile.

"Well, perhaps." Andrew smiled back at her rather ruefully. "But it's very worrying all the same. I'll tell you about it; I feel as though somehow you may be able to help me. You always *do* help, Ariel."

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"You know that I'll do anything that I possibly can, Andrew," said Ariel earnestly; and this time she found, to her own surprise, that she was able to speak quite naturally.

"Yes, I do know it. Well, it's like this. Daisy was very ill three months ago—typhoid and pneumonia, and all manner of things. It was just then—a very tender expression softened Andrew's face—"when she was so nearly dying, I mean, that I found out how much I loved her. . . . It was a terrible time, Ariel. Well, of course, such an illness as that has left her very delicate; she looks as if she would blow away at a breath of wind. And the doctors all say that the only thing which will really cure her is a long sea voyage—to Australia and back, they suggest."

Andrew paused, prodding the gravel with his stick, until at last Ariel questioned him gently.

"And she doesn't want to go, I suppose?"

"Oh, it's not that! No, Daisy is very keen on it. She loves the sea, and she has always wanted to go for a long voyage."

"Isn't it all right, then? You'll have to get married at once, and make the trip your honeymoon."

"That isn't possible." The perplexed, worried look on Andrew's face deepened. "For one thing I couldn't afford the time—or the money. Just at present, you see, there is our house to consider—the furniture, and all that. It will take a good deal, and I *won't* let Daisy pay for it. But, besides that, she is determined not to marry me until she is perfectly strong again; says that nothing will induce her to burden me with an invalid wife. No, Daisy has made up her mind to go for this voyage alone."

"And you don't like the idea?"

"Like it! I hate it; I detest it!" The young man spoke vehemently, clenching his hands. "Just think, Arie! She's such a little bit of a thing, and—she's still so awfully delicate. One of the doctors told me that if she over-exerted herself, or did anything unwise, it—it might be fatal. . . . And she won't take care; she is so tremendously plucky and energetic. I tell you, Ariel, I can't stand the thought of her going away alone all those thousands of miles."

"Hasn't she any friend—a girl of her own age, perhaps?" asked Ariel.

"No, she won't hear of a companion. She says she can't stand being watched and chaperoned; and if she doesn't go alone, she won't go at all. You see, Daisy has always been accustomed to think and act for herself since she was quite a child. The old aunt who lives with her is a mere nonentity; the house and everything is Daisy's. Oh, she's an independent little woman!"

He laughed a little, but his face clouded over almost immediately.

"So you see how it is," he said drearily. "And now, Ariel, what am I to do? I dare not oppose this voyage, knowing how important it is for Daisy's health; yet, if she goes away alone, I am so terribly afraid that the cure may be an even greater danger than the disease. . . . Oh, Arie, old girl, can't you help me?"

CHAPTER II

MISS QUIXOTE

FOR a few moments after Andrew's appeal Ariel sat silent, so silent that an inquisitive robin hopped up close, in its jerky, mechanical way, with beady eyes fixed on the girl's face.

Then she spoke, and the robin flew away.

"How would it do if I went with her, Andy?"

"You!" The young man faced round upon her, his troubled face transfigured. "You, Ariel? Why, it would be magnificent—the best plan in the world!" He drew a long breath, and his face changed again. "But it's impossible," he ended wearily.

"I'm not so sure of that." Ariel spoke quietly; but if Andrew's eyes had not been fixed once more on the glittering ripples of the pond, he would have seen a curious squaring of the corners of her mouth. Everybody at the hospital knew that look well; knew that, as the junior house-surgeon said, it meant business. "I think that it might be managed, Andy."

"But how?" Andrew was all alert once more. "It costs a heap of money, you know, my dear, and you're no more rolling in riches than I am!" He laughed rather bitterly. "I can't even offer to pay for you."

A look that was almost anger flashed into Ariel's eyes, and died away as instantane-

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ously. To pay! Andy talked of paying. . . . She spoke very quietly:

"Now, is it likely that I should take your money? You evidently don't know what house furnishing means, Mr. Andy, nor how pots and pans mount up. I've got the money laid by—quite enough for everything; that's why I made the suggestion. It was a sudden, brilliant idea, and you'll find it difficult to make me give it up now that I've got it. I'm rather like a bull-dog with a bone. I've just realised that I'm simply dying to see Egypt and Ceylon and Singapore—or don't we go to Singapore? But I forgot; your geography was never any better than mine. But really, Andy, I told Matron some time ago that I thought I should take a long holiday, and she quite agreed. And a voyage would be such a magnificent change. . . . Besides, Andy"—the girl's voice altered, and for the first time she turned and looked straight into his face, with a resolute bravery which the young man could not possibly understand—"besides, I do want to help you."

It was done. She had met his eyes without faltering, said what she had set out to say in a voice that was well controlled. That long, light-sounding speech of hers had served its purpose; she could even bear to listen to Andy's answer.

"And that's your real reason . . . Do you think I don't understand? Arie, you always were a friend in a thousand, but if you can do this . . . it would make all the difference. I should know that my little girl was safe with you on board. And you're a nurse too; you *know*. It's a magnificent plan!"

"Of course it is. Wasn't I always good at plans?"

"We shall have to be very diplomatic, you know." Andrew's eyes were alight now; he settled himself squarely upon the seat, his hands clasped between his knees. "Daisy mustn't guess for a moment that you are going to—to watch her."

"What a horrid word, Andy!"

"Yes, I couldn't think of a better. To—to *care* for her, then."

"No, she mustn't know anything beforehand," Ariel said slowly. "We must just make friends, like any other strangers on board ship—only I shall have the start, and I shall *want* to be friendly. Generally one takes so long to make up one's mind about a person."

"Ah, you'll love Daisy!" Andrew's voice dropped to its low, tender note. "No one could help it, and you won't want to, because you do care for me a bit, don't you, old girl?"

For an instant Ariel dared not answer. What if her voice told too much? What if Andy suspected something? Yet the little laugh which she gave at last sounded wonderfully natural.

"What did you say? I was so busy thinking what clothes I shall want, or something. . . . Care for you? Of course! Haven't I always liked you from the time I lent you my one pocket handkerchief at the vicarage hay party?"

They laughed at the mutual recollection, but Andy's eyes were grave.

"Yes, you've always helped me, and now you're going to help me more than ever before. Oh, it does make me angry when people talk about the impossibility of real friendship between men and women! Just look at us two!" Andy sat upright, his eyes were very bright, and he spoke eagerly, with just that touch of the didactic which is natural to a Scot. "Here we've been friends almost all our lives—real friends. And there's never been a trace of any sentimentality between us, or any love-making—what a ridiculous word that is, if you come to think of it! I don't believe the thought of marriage has ever entered our heads. At least—" He broke off and flushed boyishly, glancing at Ariel sideways. "Arie, I'm going to tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It did enter my head once, just after I came down from Cambridge—that Christmas when we got such a lot of skating; four, five years ago, it must be. I had a different sort of a feeling about you that year—sentimental young ass that I was! One morning I had quite resolved to—to ask you to marry me. I went to meet you at the ponds, rehearsing all manner of fine speeches, and then—you laughed at me. You laughed at my stern, set face, as you called it; asked if it was toothache, or too much trifle for supper. Well, it showed me just how you felt. I knew that you only looked on me as a brother, and I didn't say anything. So you see what you have escaped!"

Ariel had imagined twenty minutes before that the worst was past; now she realised that it had needed just this to make the pain unbearable.

To be told by Andy that it was all her

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own fault, for that was what it amounted to. . . . A sudden longing to escape seized her—to go somewhere where she need not act any more for a little while.

"Really, Andy, what a romantic story!" she said, and allowed herself to laugh, since it must be that or crying. Anyhow, he would not know the signs of hysteria. "What—what a lucky thing that I did laugh at you on that solemn and fateful occasion!"

"Yes, wasn't it!" Andy agreed seriously. "Otherwise we might have married and spoiled both our lives."

"You're not very flattering."

"No, but seriously, what if I'd met Daisy afterwards?"

"It might have meant trouble, and all sorts of dreadful things which we're neither of us a bit suited for. . . . Oh, Andy, don't look so solemn! I can't—can't bear it!"

Andrew Carstairs did not read aright the urgent need for help in Ariel's eyes. She found it as her glance fell upon her little wrist-watch.

"Gracious! I must go!" she cried. "I've barely time to get back to the hospital. I'll write, Andy, directly I've spoken to Matron."

"Do you really think it will be all right?" The young man spoke wistfully as he rose and held out his hand. "It seems *too* good."

"It would take a tremendous lot to put me off now, and you know how obstinate I am. When does the boat sail, by the way?"

"In a little over three weeks. Does that give you time to get a—a trousseau?"

"Oh, yes, heaps!" Was he determined to hurt her beyond the limits of endurance? "Trust me, Andy, on the word of a friend."

"A friend!" He caught both her hands, almost crushing them in a mighty grip. "The best friend a fellow ever had. God bless you, Ariel!"

CHAPTER III

DIVA TRESSILIAN

AT last she had escaped. As Ariel walked quickly towards the nearest gate, she felt as though she understood the sensations of one who had slipped from the clutches of the Inquisition, wounded and scorched and tortured, but alive.

She felt horribly tired in body and spirit, glad to sit inertly, with closed eyes, in a corner of the motor-bus which carried her back to the hospital, glad of every stoppage in the traffic which lengthened the journey. Just for a little she could not even think of that plan of hers which would need so much consideration; she could only suffer. Later that evening, in a measure her normal self again, Ariel entered upon the next stage in her journey.

She sat on the edge of the narrow bed in her tiny cubicle, with the night quietness of the great hospital about her. Nobody waked except the nurses and those who suffered in body or mind. For the night deals hardly with all such.

On Ariel's knees lay a flat parcel, wrapped in blue paper and tied with narrow ribbon. And that parcel contained the hoarded store of which she had spoken to Andrew Carstairs, the money which was to carry her to Australia.

Slowly she unwrapped the parcel, opened the inner folds of silver paper, shook out something which fell in filmy swathes over her knees, over the bed.

It was a wonderful veil of the most exquisite lace, lace such as it almost seemed no human fingers could have woven. Here and there tiny crowns were set into the borders, the sign-mark of a great and sorrowful queen.

Marie Antoinette had worn it once in the far-off merry days at Versailles and Marly; it had been amongst the costly, delicate things which she loved the most. Then, when she was leaving her summer palace for the last time, she had given it to the pretty young sister of one of her ladies-in-honour, a girl soon to be wed.

Ariel had often heard the story, for that girl had been her own ancestress, her great-great-grandmother. Three generations had treasured that precious relic, and now she who represented the fourth had planned—to sell it.

Ariel pressed her hands over her eyes, and sat for a long time motionless. She had made the sacrifice on the crest of a wave of longing to help Andy in his trouble, and now it turned out to be far greater than she had expected. More, she had a sense of shame and disloyalty to those who had gone before her—above all, to her own mother.

She could see her now, fingering the soft folds, one day not long before her death.

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"Isn't it lovely?" the weak, gentle voice had said. "Far more beautiful than any jewels. You will wear it at your wedding."

"I shall never want it now," Ariel said, half aloud. "And so Diva Tressilian may as well have it. There's no other way, and I don't think it can be wrong to sell it, because—because it hurts so badly."

Ariel slept that night with the lace beneath her pillow, her hand resting upon it.

She went straight to see the matron next morning, and told her the whole truth, so far, at least, as it concerned Andrew Carstairs and the girl whom he loved. Perhaps the grave, keen-eyed listener learnt things which the young nurse did not tell with her lips. At the hospital they always said that it was impossible to hide anything from Matron.

However that might be, she was unexpectedly sympathetic. She agreed willingly to Ariel's proposal, although with something of a reservation.

"I think that the long holiday would be an excellent thing for you," she said kindly. "You have not looked really well since that bout of influenza last winter. But, about money? Do you quite realise how much it will cost you?"

"Yes; and I shall have plenty," Ariel said frankly. "It—it is something that was left to me by my mother," she added, and the elder woman nodded comprehendingly.

And so the way became even plainer than before, as though some great all-powerful hand was smoothing out the obstacles. The only important thing which remained now was to see Diva Tressilian.

In her next free time Ariel set out. She wore private dress, for Diva rather disliked her nurse's uniform, and Diva's fancies must be humoured to-day.

The big house near the Park always made Ariel feel shy and self-conscious; probably, as she told Diva, because she had such an abiding hatred for butlers.

"They always make me feel like—like a worm with homicidal tendencies," she said. "I think that in some earlier stage of existence I must have been a down-trodden footman."

This afternoon the girl was passed from butler to footman as usual, until at last she reached Diva Tressilian's drawing-room. And as she stood in the doorway she gave a gasp of amazement.

"Yes, I'm glad it has that effect on

you!" A voice full of satisfaction spoke from a remote corner. "It's exactly what I wanted. It is rather—succulent, isn't it?"

"I can't tell you what I think of it," Ariel said weakly. "It's simply taken my breath away."

"It's Bakst, you know—a little, and Vorticist."

"I knew that it was something I shouldn't understand."

"Well, but don't you *like* it?"

Ariel did not answer. Her eyes still surveyed the extraordinary room.

The walls and ceiling were dense black. That was the first impression which, as it were, closed in upon you. There was a narrow band of frieze in scarlet, yellow and emerald lines, and the same colours were suggested in the linings of the black satin curtains at the windows.

Such furniture as there was, was of vivid scarlet lacquer, and a square velvety carpet of the same hue lay in the middle of the polished ebony floor. Only one picture hung on the walls, just above the open fireplace, and the subject of it was wholly indistinguishable. Beneath it, on a low divan, sat the mistress of the room, her heels tucked under her, and a queer puckish smile on her lips.

As Ariel came towards her, shaking her head with a sigh of bewilderment, she rose, a slim little figure in transparent black, only relieved by a long necklace of lumps of rough amber.

"I'm still waiting to hear your opinion of my new decorations," Diva Tressilian said. "And you're frightfully rude. You have never even said 'How do you do?'"

"I am speechless," the girl declared. "Knocked dumb. . . . Diva, it seems only yesterday that it was all pink and Pompadour."

"And now it's black and Bakst—quite a change. Personally, I think it suits my complexion."

"Your *present* complexion—yes."

"Ariel—you cat! But, of course, one has to make up a bit in a room like this. What have you come for, girl?" she asked abruptly.

"It's you who are rude now!"

"No—only taking an interest." Her strange little face softened suddenly. "If I didn't care I should lie, and say how well you are looking. . . . What's the matter, Ariel?"

"You've guessed quite rightly," Ariel



"They had agreed not to recognise each other on board the *Marina*,
and Ariel . . . passed by with scarcely a glance"—p. 536.



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said. Then, with a sudden longing to disguise her real thoughts, if possible, from those shrewd eyes: "I'm in need of money, Diva—badly in need of it."

"That isn't what's troubling you," the other woman said quietly. And for a moment there was silence, before she went on in a changed voice: "But you know that I will let you have whatever you want."

"Oh, I'm not going to let you give it, or lend it. Don't make any mistake, Diva! It was only— Some time ago you said that you would willingly buy this, if ever I wanted to sell it."

Ariel opened the little parcel which she carried, and shook out the filmy folds of lace.

"So I will," Diva answered promptly. "I'd give almost anything for it."

"What a comfort!" Ariel sighed, with a relief which was barely exaggerated. "I knew that the Diva who lived in a Pompadour room would buy Marie Antoinette's lace, but the Bakst Diva gave me quite a cold shock!"

"You must want money very badly." Diva clasped her thin hands round her knees, and fixed her great, tragic eyes on her friend's face.

"I do. I want to go out to Australia—"

"What! Do you mean to say you're going to use my money to leave England?" Diva started to her feet in genuine consternation. "Ariel, I won't buy the lace!"

"And back," finished Ariel deliberately. "Diva, you're too impulsive. I want the voyage—I want the sea—I want—change. I want—" She hesitated.

"Yes, what is it you really want, Ariel? All those things are only excuses."

"Diva, I came to you because I thought you were one of those few friends who wouldn't ask questions."

"And I won't. At least, none that you need answer, if you don't want to. When do you sail?"

"By the *Marina* in rather over a fortnight."

"She's a good boat; I went in her to Egypt last winter. And have you the remotest idea what clothes you are going to need?"

"I wanted to ask you about that."

"I'm glad you have *some* sense." Diva was completely transformed. Her languor was gone; she sprang up alertly as she

spoke. "There, I really can help you. Come upstairs, Ariel. We can't even *think* of ordinary, pretty dresses in a room like this."

Together the two girls went up the wide, rose-carpeted marble stairs to Diva's beautiful bedroom, all purely white and silver.

"My maid's out," said Diva, with a triumphant gleam in her eyes, "and I'm going to cheat her. She thinks, because I've been obliged to get a whole new set of dresses for Biarritz, that she's going to have a tremendous sale of the old ones. Old! Many of them I've never worn at all. Well, she's mistaken for once. You're going to be so very good as to take whatever you can wear."

"Diva, but I really—"

"Ah, now, don't be proud! I thought that years ago, when I married, we agreed that my horrid money wasn't to come between us. . . . I can't help it. . . . I only long to get rid of some of it. . . . And, here, it doesn't even cost me anything! If you don't take the dresses, I shall simply never see them again. And we're exactly the same height, though I'm a bit thinner—not enough to matter. Wouldn't it be madness for you to buy a crowd of new clothes, most of which you wouldn't need afterwards, when they are simply eating their heads off in my wardrobes? Ariel, I'll never respect you again if you insist on being proud!"

"But I'm not going to." Ariel rose and put both hands on Diva's slim shoulders. "I'm going to accept—and thank you very much, dear. I'm afraid I'm lacking in proper pride, but I'm more grateful than I can say. The question of clothes was a nightmare to me; a nurse needs so few, as a rule."

"Ariel, I always said you were the nicest girl in the world." Diva spoke emphatically. "And now let's have a grand turn-out."

A scene of wild confusion followed. In twenty minutes bed, chairs and carpet were covered with billows and surges of silk, satin, serge and cotton. It was not until Diva was seized by a brilliantly practical idea that they made much headway.

"I know!" she exclaimed. "You must borrow a couple of my boxes. I'm sure you've nothing big enough of your own. Then we can pack everything straight away."

Her hand was on the bell as she spoke.

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Ten minutes later two great compressed cane trunks stood before them, gaping and wide-mouthed.

"You'd better do the absolute packing, Arie. And we'll begin with what the shops call 'dainty lingerie.' Yes, don't be silly. All that pile with the blue ribbons."

Regardless of Ariel's expostulations, the lavender-scented heaps were packed away into the first box.

"Those two silk petticoats," Diva ordered. "And now for the frocks themselves. Those tub ones, of course, they're just the thing; and the surah coat and skirt. It's nice evening things you'll want chiefly—nothing fearfully elaborate."

"I'm glad to hear it!" Ariel retorted.

"Don't be piggish! Yes, that black ninon dinner dress will be the very thing; and if you're so *frightfully* independent, you can give me back the lace trimming afterwards. I always looked dowdy in it, but I haven't your complexion—by nature. And you simply must have this silver and mauve. I only wore it once, and it's really a darling. . . . Oh, and the geranium silk golf-coat!"

So the battle raged, until Ariel resolutely carried away and hung up many of the dresses which Diva had laid aside for her use. Nevertheless, it was a very dainty outfit which, in the end, was packed away in careful folds of tissue paper—frocks in which, for once in her life, Ariel knew that she would be and look really well dressed. And the girl would not have been human if the consciousness had lacked all consoling power.

At last the boxes were closed and locked, and Diva handed Ariel the keys with a mocking curtsy.

"There, Cinderella," she said. "You are ready to set out upon your travels. Ah, but there's still another matter. . . . Ariel, I won't buy that lace outright; I simply daren't be such a Shylock. No, you shall pawn it to me, and redeem it whenever you like. In the meantime I shall have the use of it, and I won't charge any interest. Let me see! . . . Will £500 be enough?"

"Diva! Far, far too much."

"Not a bit of it! I'll write a cheque at once. Believe me, I know the value of the lace well enough—better than you, perhaps."

"You're too good. . . . I can't even begin to thank you."

"Don't try, for mercy's sake!" Suddenly Diva turned upon the girl almost fiercely. "Can't you see? Can't you understand that I've been happy for a few hours—happier than I've been for months. . . . You've made me forget for a little while."

For the moment Ariel was silent before the passion in her friend's voice and face. Then she laid one hand impulsively on Diva's arm.

"Then—it wasn't just the black room downstairs," she said. "It was in your eyes, really."

Diva laughed unevenly, brokenly.

"You ridiculous girl! And what a fool I am!" she said disjointedly. "You've plenty of troubles of your own, if I'm not mistaken; and, anyway, I can't tell you. . . . Don't be hurt, Arie; you know I never could talk—about things that mattered."

Ariel was silent, realising the truth of the words. For the friendship between these two was a strange one. It began at school, and it had lasted unbroken until now; yet the younger girl—younger in most ways by far than by the five years which separated them—was conscious always of her utter lack of knowledge of the innermost Diva.

Even of the facts of her outward life she knew very little. She had heard of the rich, antiquarian father, of the married elder sister, the younger brother at Harrow. She knew that Diva's mother was dead; but the elder girl rarely, if ever, spoke of her. She knew that before the end of her first season she had married a wealthy man; that, after scarcely more than a year, he had died suddenly of pneumonia, leaving his young widow everything which he possessed. But Diva had scarcely mentioned her husband when Ariel went to see her a few months later; perhaps the true reason for her silence lay in the last words which she had spoken.

Sometimes it seemed strange to Ariel to think how the old comradeship still held between them, for the ways of their lives ran inevitably far apart.

Diva spoke in a strained, hoarse voice.

"It's just this. I've wronged—hatefully, abominably wronged—the only soul I care for in the world—at least, the only man. Because there's you—always—only I can never tell you—"

Yet perhaps she told more than she

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knew—more than Ariel had ever realised before—in those few broken sentences.

"Can't you let him know that you're sorry?" Ariel said at last.

"If only I could! But he's gone; I sent him away. Perhaps he may be dead. . . . Oh, I have tried so hard to find him—my own boy!"

The small head, with its heavy crown of dusky hair, fell forward on the slim, black-clad arms. For an instant there was silence. Then Diva sprang to her feet with a quick, decisive movement.

"There, that's all! It's no good talking—or crying. . . . Let's consider what hats you will want."

Ariel accepted the finality of the change of subject in a measure, as she had done from her girlhood where Diva was concerned. One thing more she said, quickly and softly:

"Just believe this, Diva—that I can understand."

"You can't," Diva said quietly. "It's—impossible. Because there's no one who is the same to you as—as—" She broke off, biting her lip fiercely, and Ariel said no more. But to herself she smiled, very sadly, with a certain knowledge buried in her heart of a loss like that of Diva's.

CHAPTER IV

FAREWELL

IT was a grey, still morning when the white-centred, blue flag at the masthead of the *Marina* signalled her departure, and the fussy little launches swarmed alongside, crowded with passengers and their friends.

A mist hung over the London river, hiding all that was ugly, and softening it with a merciful veil. Ships, big and small, loomed mysterious, factory chimneys might well have been obelisks.

Ariel saw all that she was leaving with another mist obscuring her eyes. She felt of a sudden frightfully lonely amidst all the turmoil and bustle of departure. For at the last moment a sharp attack of influenza had frustrated Diva's intention of seeing her off, and the fact that Andy at that moment was on board only increased Ariel's feeling of isolation.

For all Andy's glances, Andy's thoughts, the whole of Andy, mind, soul and body, belonged to another. He had nothing to spare for Ariel—nothing.

In a way, the state of affairs was a preconcerted plan between them. They had agreed not to recognise each other on board the *Marina*, since to do so might spoil the whole plan; and that, as Andy wisely observed, was not worth risking.

So, a few moments ago, when Ariel had come upon the pair unexpectedly, she had passed by with scarcely a glance. But that glance had been enough to show her the girl's unmistakable, unquestionable loveliness—to show her the man's face transfigured almost beyond recognition.

Ah, that was what had hurt! Ariel was honest enough to allow it to herself: the certain knowledge that, even if there had been no arrangement between them, Andy would not have seen her.

They had met the day before to say "Good-bye." Ariel could treasure that remembrance with a clear conscience. Andy had been his old self, more affectionate than ever before, and grateful beyond his halting expression.

They had planned many little details: how Ariel was to write at every stage in the journey, and tell Andy how Daisy was—*exactly* how she was!

"You do promise that, Aric?"

Ariel promised that, and many other things: how she would make friends with the other girl as quickly as possible! "And she isn't disagreeable and standoffish, bless her heart!" Andy parenthesised.

He had contrived, by means of much strategic manipulation and many interviews with the purser, that Ariel's cabin should be next to Daisy's. He had settled, too, all questions of luggage for both the girls.

The plans, as far as they could go, were complete; only the voyage itself lay before them, with all the possibilities which a long journey by sea holds of romance and adventure, even in these steamship days.

Ariel left the deck as the moment for departure drew near, and went down to her cabin. There she sat upon the sofa beneath the porthole, longing for that moment with an intensity which was sheer pain.

There came the sound of much trampling overhead, shouts, and the hauling of ropes along the decks. . . . Surely they must be off! Andy would be in the launch alongside by now, moving away from the steamer's side. Ariel could picture him very plainly.

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He would be standing as near to the side as possible, his hands clutching the rail, his eyes fixed on her face, holding it, as it were, until it had become only one white blur amidst many.

There came a sharp, imperative knock upon her cabin door, and, as she opened it, Ariel realised the futility of her imagining. For Andy stood there, his face very pale and grave, his eyes dark and sombre.

"I couldn't go—like that, Arie," he said. "It was too—too brutal, after all you are doing for us. Daisy is with her aunt, so I just slipped away for a moment. . . . Good-bye, old girl, good-bye." He caught both her hands in his and held them firmly, and his voice was very hoarse and shaken. "It's absurd for me to try to thank you. . . . I don't believe that Shakespeare himself could find the proper words. But God bless you, Ariel, God bless you!"

Suddenly, impulsively, he bent and kissed her forehead; then dropped her hands and hurried away. And it was only when he was out of sight that Ariel realised that she had not spoken one word of farewell. Yet she knew that Andy would understand—Andy, who had just kissed her for the first and last time.

The girl closed the cabin door, and went slowly to the porthole, stood there staring out at the shore, stared almost unconsciously, until suddenly she realised that it was moving slowly, very slowly. . . . So that was the last of England for many months.

Of a sudden Ariel's confused thoughts were interrupted by the sound of light, rapid footfalls passing her door. Someone ran into the adjoining cabin and slammed the door; then, quite unmistakably, Ariel heard the sound of sobs.

It was Daisy Alsager's cabin, and suddenly all the generosity in Ariel's nature was aroused. She longed to go and comfort that other girl who was so lonely also—who had just lost Andy, too, if only for a time.

Surely, surely no one could sympathise with the girl whom Andy loved so well as the girl who loved him? But even as the thoughts raced through her mind, Ariel knew that she could not do it. She could not go as a friend who understood; to go as a stranger would be an unforgivable impertinence. She must wait until chance or opportunity gave her the means to help Daisy.

Meanwhile the sound of those pitiful sobs made Ariel feel intrusive, prying; she left her cabin softly and went on deck.

Most of her fellow passengers were there already, watching the slowly moving shore. They crowded along the rail, rather silent in the main, as the English, whatever they may say or boast, are apt to be when they leave England for long. Some of the women were crying quietly, most of the men looked momentarily grave.

Almost involuntarily, by an irresistible attraction, Ariel's eyes were drawn to a little group which made a vivid spot of colour in the rather sad-toned general picture.

A girl of perhaps fifteen years old stood leaning over the rail, her elbows resting upon it. Her back was towards Ariel, so that only a mass of dark hair and a scarlet cap were visible. She wore a long coat, too, of fine scarlet cloth, and beneath it appeared slim ankles in black silk stockings and buckled patent-leather shoes.

Beside her stood a fat, un-English-looking man, with a pasty, fair face and an aggressive, black-satin necktie. He held, in both hands, a pile of gorgeous, be-ribboned chocolate boxes.

Rather apart, and on the other side of the scarlet-clad girl, stood a small, black-clad woman. At least, Ariel assumed both these facts from the glimpses which she caught of her; otherwise the "data," as dear Sherlock Holmes would say, were scarcely sufficient. For the little figure was concealed by the immense masses of flowers which she held, flowers of all varieties—crimson, long-stemmed roses, deep purple violets, creamy freesia, waxen stephanotis—roses, above all, of every colour and description.

Two huge bunches of Russian violets, white and mauve, and tied with cloth-of-gold ribbons, hung from the small woman's thin arms, almost hiding her dress down to the very hem of her skirt. She looked like a decorated figure, with a quaintly demure, wedge-shaped face peeping from between the gorgeous blossoms which piled her arms. Even standing as she did at fifty yards distance, Ariel drew in great breaths of fragrance, which seemed to float towards her in clouds on the still, grey air.

She stood for some moments looking at the little group. The glow of colour came as somewhat of a relief in the prevailing

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monochromatic outlook. Then the girl turned, and Ariel found herself still staring, almost rudely.

For, without possessing real loveliness of form or colour, the face which she now saw was extraordinarily arresting.

Black hair fell in heavy, curlless masses on the girl's shoulders, and enclosed her face as though in an ebony frame. Her skin was colourless, her mouth vividly scarlet, but too large and narrow-lipped for beauty. Brows and lashes were as black as her hair, but the eyes themselves were of the transparent yellow of a topaz, the pupils large and intensely black. Extraordinary, uncanny eyes they were, like those of a cat or a bird of prey.

The girl walked languidly across the deck towards the stairway, her two companions slightly in the rear. There was no sign of grief or even interest on her face, only such a great weariness that Ariel was conscious of a sudden immense pity for the unchildlike child.

In another moment she was gone, and a little later Ariel followed her from the deck, with the intention of unpacking; curious, too, to discover if possible who was to be her cabin companion.

She was not left for long in doubt. As she passed along the alleyway, the sound of loud voices, indignant and injured alternately, came to her.

"It can't be helped," an English voice was speaking. "The ship is full—overfull. We haven't a berth to spare anywhere."

"But I said that I must have a cabin to myself!" This voice spoke rapidly, angrily, in low, husky notes.

"And I said, in answer, that it could not be done. You will remember that, mademoiselle."

"Perhaps! But I did not think that your management could be truly so bad. Moreover, as you see, the thing is impossible. There is no room here for another."

Ariel had reached the cabin door by now; she stood outside in the alleyway, unobserved and observant. And, at first sight, the last argument did indeed seem unanswerable and conclusive.

The cabin appeared absolutely, overflowing full. Flowers, chocolate boxes, wraps, suit-cases, occupied every corner, and were piled in heaps on the floor. Ariel's own luggage had entirely disappeared beneath the flood; half a dozen

bouquets and an enormous hat-box occupied the upper berth, where she had placed her umbrella and handbag.

On the sofa sat the scarlet-coated girl, a spot of angry colour on either cheek, her ankles twisted together, her fingers working incessantly. The little black-dressed woman gesticulated despairingly, whilst the pasty foreigner talked incessantly in shrill tones. And all three were assailing the red-faced, stolid purser, who met their reiterated "musts" with simple, unqualified "can'ts."

"But, as mademoiselle's agent, I insist."

"Can't help it, sir."

"But mademoiselle has never travelled so before."

"Can't help that, ma'am."

"But I tell you I will not have another person in my cabin!"

"Sorry, mademoiselle, but it can't be helped."

Even the furious girl seemed at last to some extent convinced by the uniformed official stolidity. With an angry gesture she hurled herself into a by-issue.

"Very well, if I cannot have the cabin to myself, at least my maid shall come here, and this other must take her place elsewhere. So will matters not be quite so unbearable."

"I'm afraid that won't do either, mademoiselle. You see, the other lady is, of course, paying first-class fare. Naturally I can't turn her out, and send her second-class."

"Certainly you can't." Ariel came forward quietly as she spoke. She felt that it was time to make a stand; moreover, she was more than a little exasperated by the girl's selfish disregard of others.

"Ah, here is Miss Falkner!" The purser spoke with obvious relief. "I'm very sorry that you two ladies are crowded, but, as I've been telling mademoiselle here, it can't be helped at present. If it's possible later— But I can't promise. . . . Well, I'm afraid I can't do anything more."

He retreated hastily, followed by the agent, who still protested.

For a moment Ariel remained standing in the doorway, a little flicker of amusement playing in her eyes; fortunately her sense of humour came to her aid. At last she spoke good-humouredly, addressing the girl, who still sat on the sofa, a picture of baffled fury.

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"It's absurd for me to try to thank you. . . . But God bless you, Ariel, God bless you!"—*Ch. 537.*

Drawn by Stanley Dallas

"Of course, it's a bother, and I'm sorry: but, since it cannot be helped, we had better make the best of things, and try not to disturb each other more than is necessary."

The younger girl glowered at her, drawing down her thick black brows over her strange, yellow eyes. Suddenly she sprang to her feet, flinging out her hands with a furious gesture.

"I will not make the best of things—I will not try to be comfortable; I—I will do nothing!" she cried. "It is hateful, abominable, iniquitous! How dare you force yourself upon me? I tell you I will do nothing—nothing!"

She faced Ariel, shaking with fury from head to foot, her hands clenched, stammering and inarticulate in her rage. Without waiting for the elder girl to answer, she turned away abruptly, flung herself upon the lower berth and lay there,

with her back to the cabin, motionless, as though asleep.

Ariel shrugged her shoulders philosophically, then almost laughed as she caught the glance of the little black-clad woman, full of fright and despair. She spoke to her kindly.

"Well, you and I must do the best we can," she said. "I'm rather good at stowing things away."

The little woman tiptoed to the door, beckoning to Ariel mysteriously; outside in the alleyway she spoke in a frightened whisper:

"You must not be angry—offended. . . . You will, of course, understand that she is different to others—to everybody. She is Mademoiselle Isolde Casanova."

The tone in which the little creature pronounced the name of her young mistress, engrossing it, as it were, in the very biggest of capital letters, was almost irre-

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sistibly amusing. Nevertheless, the words had their effect even upon Ariel. For the name of Isolde Casanova was known throughout England, throughout Europe as that of a pianist of genius, whose playing would have been marvellous in one twenty years her senior. Yet she could not prevent a touch of dryness from creeping into her answer.

"Evidently she has the artistic temperament!"

"But yes!" The little woman spoke eagerly, accepting the compliment, not as it was meant. "Her temperament is of the most artistic—oh, unbelievably so! She can bear nothing—nothing!"

Ariel smiled rather ruefully as they returned to the cabin; this did not promise well for her comfort on the voyage.

Fortunately long practice had taught her to concentrate her belongings into the smallest possible space, accustomed as she had been for years to a cubicle scarcely bigger than this cabin. Nevertheless, here was a task almost beyond Ariel's powers. Before it was finished, she felt quite exhausted, for the cabin was close and airless, and filled with the overpowering fragrance of the masses of flowers.

Ariel sat back upon her heels, drew a long breath, and spoke to the little maid.

"Really, some of the flowers must be taken away!"

As though a spring had been touched, Isolde Casanova sprang from the berth, her cheeks aflame, fury in her eyes.

"The flowers are mine—mine! They shall not be moved. Do you hear?"

"I hear," Ariel said quietly. "But, all the same, I'm afraid they must go. They are lovely; but in this small cabin the scent is so terribly strong."

"I do not care! You have no right to touch them, and they shall not go!" the girl repeated defiantly. "They are my flowers, and I choose to have them here."

The black-clad maid wrung her hands nervously, glancing from Ariel's resolute mouth to the anger-distorted face of her young mistress. How the matter would have ended it is hard to say, had not the flowers at this moment taken affairs, as it were, into their own hands. I fear the metaphor is scarcely apt, but it must serve.

Suddenly Isolde's whiteness of fury turned to a greenish pallor; she stumbled,

caught at the edge of the berth and would have fallen had it not been for Ariel's arm.

For the nurse's quick eye had seen the change in the younger girl's colour—had guessed in a moment what it meant. Excitement, anger, and, above all, the close, scent-laden atmosphere, had brought on an attack of faintness; the girl was practically unconscious as Ariel lifted her back on to the berth, issuing swift instructions to the maid.

"Some water—open my bag quickly. There are some smelling-salts. Don't look so frightened; it is nothing but a fainting fit; she will be all right directly. . . . I am a nurse, and I know. Now, open the porthole. Can't you do it? Then ring for the steward."

A steward obeyed the summons instantly, unscrewed the scuttle, and admitted a rush of fresh, cool air. Next Ariel turned her attention to the innocent causes of the disturbance.

"There is no doubt now that the flowers must go somewhere out of the cabin," she said. "I wonder where we could put them."

"I'll bring a couple of pails of water into the alleyway outside, miss," the steward suggested helpfully.

"Yes, that would do splendidly for the present. Then, later, Mademoiselle Casanova can settle what is to be done with them. There, you feel better now, don't you?"

The girl assented in a weary undertone, lying back amongst the pillows as though exhausted. Ariel left her to the ministrations of the little maid, and helped the steward to carry out the flowers and arrange them in the pails of water which he brought. She touched the beautiful things tenderly, regretfully, speaking to them with a little laugh.

"It does seem a shame to turn you out, you darlings, but you're a little too much of a good thing, you know, you really are!"

"Yes, even Bacon himself would have found this 'Breathe of Flowers farre Sweeter in the Aire' than was exactly comfortable in a small cabin. . . . I beg your pardon, miss, I—forgot myself; it was impertinent of me to speak."

Ariel glanced up in surprise at this somewhat amazing steward.

[END OF CHAPTER FOUR]

THE HOME OF THE FUTURE

A Forecast

By STANHOPE W. SPRIGG

IS the home life of England doomed to disappear? Must the customs, habits and traditions of the fireside be allowed to vanish without any protest? And ought we to let all that the British home has stood for within the last five centuries go into the melting-pot, careless whether the result establishes the old and the best traditions, or merely works domestic ruin?"

Change and Decay

To people who have not watched the recent changes in family life with genuine anxiety, these questions, of course, carry with them their own answer. These spectators would, without a second's hesitation, answer "No" to each interrogatory and to all. Apparently, the problems are mere puppet problems propounded by somebody with a genius for setting up wooden dolls in a row and for knocking them flat with paper pellets of his own particular construction.

Nevertheless, the truth remains that preachers and politicians and sociologists of all schools are just now very seriously disturbed as to the future of the British home such as has been known to the old and even to the middle-aged. They see within its walls the seeds of rapid decay and of well-nigh irresistible change. And they know that these transformations are not due to the war, bitter as must be war's aftermath, or to recent legislation in the House of Commons, or to Suffragette activities. The changes are mainly irremediable and inevitable, and they ought, therefore, to be taken into serious account by parents who do not believe in any policy of domestic muddle and drift, but who want to hold fast to the best in family life.

The well-known writer whose questions I have quoted at the start of this article certainly had no doubt in his own mind that the British home had to go—lock, stock and barrel. He was writing to the young and vigorous people of Australia; and he told our Colonial cousins that the mischief in the British home was done now beyond recall. The women of England, he contended, had,

with their new devotion to golf and motoring and week-ends, lost much of the old finer instincts of wife and motherhood. Babies very frequently were a nuisance to them. The noise of childish feet and of childish laughter tried too sorely their jaded and exhausted nerves. The increased cost of living did not yield the whole secret of their discontent with present-day home conditions. The women of England nowadays dressed in more youthful styles, clung more ardently to the joys and pleasures of young people, and drained more deeply and greedily at the chalice of life. Inevitably young people were being pushed into the background, or, what was worse still, were being allowed all manner of dangerous liberties because their parents were too selfish and too busy with their own enjoyments to exercise stimulating discipline, or to teach, by word and example, the imperishable beauties of self-renunciation and self-control. So it came about even the word "Home" was doomed. Children now asked their friends, "Will you come and visit us at 'our house'?"

Like all quick and superficial and highly coloured generalisations, this picture of the stream of tendencies at work in our midst is not quite accurate. In many details it is unfair, but it would not be right to dismiss it wholly from our minds on that account.

There is the sting of a real truth hidden somewhere behind its hot and corrosive comments, and unquestionably extraordinary changes in our home-life, whether we welcome them or not, are everywhere afoot.

More Power to the State

Thus, to take the child from the start, there seems little doubt that medical officers of health will soon be given increased powers of supervision over the feeding and the training of infants. The ill-discharged work of maternity will not be left indefinitely to the peaceful persuasion of health visitors, or of spasmodic lectures on nursing and the care of infant life. The whole business of the State's relation to the child citizen will be

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systematised. The air space will be fixed. The milk supply will be guaranteed. Eyes and teeth will no longer be the sport of happy chances. Parents will be made to see that bowed limbs must be straightened, defects in vision must be early corrected, and how essential it is for the nation at large that all forms of childish disease should be treated with the best available medical skill.

Primary school teachers will have many loads of anxiety about their charges lifted from their shoulders by new enactments. Too long have they borne the burden of parents' neglect and sin, and tried, by persuasion, to get women to take better care of the bodies of their children. Now the strong arm of the law is to be invoked and to be used.

All Children in State Schools

There is much to be said in favour of this stiffening of the State's attitude. Within a few years the ordinary boarding-school such as we find described in "Vanity Fair" and other historical novels will have ceased to exist. As a consequence, practically every child—except the children of the very highly placed or rich—will go to State schools. This form of education works very well in the United States; and, with proper safeguards, there are few reasons why it should not be equally successful here. It is obviously absurd that the middle classes should continue for many years to come to pay for a system of education which they despise and to which they will not subject their own children, although it is open to them on the most easy financial terms. This war, with the expenditure it involves, may help them to clear their vision. At all events they get a genuine shock when they see the lists of Wranglers from the University of Cambridge, and realise how the path from the primary school to our highest centres of learning is now "free and open" to the public for ever.

Of recent years the dull and unimaginative elements in this class have certainly been driven to do some hard thinking on their own account by the difficulties and perplexities prescribed by the defective supply of domestic servants. Hired girls and women form the largest body of workers in the United Kingdom; but, in spite of this fact, they are, in no sense, sufficiently

numerous for the nation's requirements, and their inefficiency and attitude to their employers are at once the despair and the tragedy of many of the best mistresses and homes. In numberless villages the wages paid to agricultural labourers do not exceed twelve shillings a week. On this slender sum a man and his wife will frequently keep and clothe themselves and bring up half a dozen children. Yet no sooner do their girls attain a small degree of efficiency in domestic work than they receive wages equal to their father's, and food and lodging far superior to the rest of their kin.

What is the consequence?

These maids acquire tastes and habits different from their mother's, and it is inevitable that they do not have the same skill in motherhood, or the same contentment in the old simple joys of seeing their children grow up into good useful men and women. No doubt these forces of disintegration are bound to bring their own remedies in their train; and many clever and thoughtful housewives to-day believe that domestic service, as we understand it at present, is bound to disappear, and its place taken by skilful and reliable day workers, who will discharge all the household duties for a regular scale of prices. And, perhaps, what is more to the point, the saving will be enormous. These home helpers will be properly trained for their duties, and, belonging to a recognised trade, their wages will be fixed on a permanent basis and be no longer left to individual caprice, which at present makes the whole body of employers suffer from the weakness and ill-timed generosity of a hopeless, helpless minority of incompetents.

Trade Union Servants

The presence of these trade union servants in the home does not, however, imply that the position of the mother as queen of the home will be imperilled. My own impression is that it will be enormously strengthened by such a change, for it will elevate the mothers to the rank and the rights of ordinary masculine employers, and they will only pay for the services that are actually performed. True, it may lead to a considerable increase in the numbers of married women engaged in trade and professional occupations—for, obviously, when mothers find they can depend on their work

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in the home being carried out on businesslike lines they will seek new openings for their brains and activities; but, anyway, this may be the result of the war that now surges from one end to the other of the Continent of Europe.

One thing is certainly quite clear. The distinction in the position of boys and girls in the home will have to be eliminated. As money-earners the two sexes will soon be, for all purposes, practically equal. Indeed, as I have pointed out in the case of the agricultural labourer class, the girls are usually able to-day to earn bigger wages than do the lads.

The Downfall of Parents

Some critics with a neat turn for pessimism take the trend of events a step beyond this. They contend that all changes now on the wing point to the downfall of the father as a practical force; to the disappearance of a mother as a mother has been for centuries understood in England, and to a wider and deeper recognition of a child as the central pivot of the home, with a child's inherent rights, difficulties and capabilities.

I do not go quite so far as this. My own impression is that so long as the English character remains what it is neither the State, nor the State education, nor the trade union home helper can alter, fundamentally, the solid rock of domestic virtue upon which the English home has been raised. Our homes are now very largely in the making, it is true, but the mother-instinct dates back to the Garden of

Eden, and has suffered but little diminution or alteration in the progress of the centuries. We are all probably a little at sea just at present, but the permanent elements in the English home will inevitably reappear and reassert themselves. And young eyes will continue to dim and young hearts will still sink like lead as train or motor bears them swiftly away to their first appointment or their new situation.

For homes are not made by laws or by human hands. They rise on foundations in the heart, and a real mother's heart never changes and never grows old.

Superficially all these things that I have predicted may happen before 1925, and perhaps many others equally far-reaching and revolutionary; but they can only affect the appearance, not the essence, of home.

The English have been always a home-loving people, and in the home of the future it will be just as easy for self-reliance, self-renunciation and self-control to flourish in its citadels as it was when boys called their fathers "sir," little girls sat on hassocks and worked samplers with the alphabet and Lord's Prayer in straggling capitals, and the cry was raised with authority, "Little children should be seen, not heard."

There may be always silly, foolish, semi-fashionable wives and mothers. There may be also stupid and dull fathers; but what the pessimists do not see is this—the reforms at work will eliminate stupidity and foolishness wholesale, and that they may easily give everybody in the home a brighter and a happier time.



A Sand Bath
in Hyde Park,

Photo:
Underwood & Underwood.



"Where on earth have you been
all the afternoon?"

Drawn by
J. Dewar Mills.

A FAMILY AFFAIR

By

HELEN WALLACE

"HOME—home—home—there's no place like home," chanted Laura Thring. "And a good thing if there isn't, say I, for one wouldn't be treated in this fashion anywhere else," she added, half-angrily, half-wistfully.

"I don't know why you should say that. Surely it was quite natural that I should ask you where you had been this afternoon," said Agatha Thring, a handsome young woman in her late twenties, with a noticeable air of decision and command in the carriage of her tall figure and in every movement of her shapely, capable hands. Her voice was very controlled, but there was a hot flush on her smooth cheek, and her needle flickered swiftly in and out of her

sewing as if she were stabbing it into some sentient thing.

"Oh, quite natural, but there are various ways of inquiring," retorted Laura dryly. "When you are pounced on, as soon as you show your face, with: 'Where on earth have you been *all* the afternoon? It needn't have taken you three whole hours to go to the Greys——'"

"Neither it need, and as you didn't say you were going anywhere else," with some significance, "I thought you might surely have been home in time to help me to finish off these shirts."

"How was I to know you wanted me? Why, only the other day when I tried to help, you told me I'd be a hindrance instead of a

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help. I know I'm no great don at sewing—never was—" said Laura ruefully. "so—"

"Squabbling again, girls! You don't seem able to keep the peace nowadays. What's the kid been up to now, Aggie?" struck in a tall youth, who had just sauntered into the room, thus cutting short any explanation Laura might have been about to give.

The flush deepened on Agatha's cheek. She disliked any shortening of her stately name, as Rupert knew very well, and she disliked still more being taken at an apparent disadvantage.

"Squabbling!" she said coldly, with a slight, disdainful lift of her head. "I hope I never squabble."

"Then it's the kid who's the squabblor," said Rupert. "What's it all about, Lau?"

"I hope I never squabble, either," said Laura, with a little mischievous travesty of her sister's dignified air. "I was just going to make a declaration of independence when you interrupted us, and that's usually supposed to be an important affair."

"You were, were you?" laughed Rupert; "and who are you going to be independent of?"

"I seem to have annoyed Laura," said Agatha crisply, "because I understood she was only going to the Greys this afternoon; at least, she didn't say she was going anywhere else"—("Why should I?" murmured Laura, *sotto voce*)—"and I merely remarked when she came in long after dark that it didn't require more than three hours for that. It surely needn't be regarded as mere idle curiosity on my part."

"Oh, look here, Laura, I think Aggie's right—girls shouldn't stray about till all hours alone, and as she's so much older than you—" began Rupert, while Agatha, sewing with the same air of determination, did not look specially grateful for his support—perhaps because of the form it took.

"*Ettu, Brute!*" mouthed Laura tragically. "Is that all you know, Ru? I'm ashamed of you. We've got beyond all that early Victorian rubbish long ago, or we ought to have, and I at least have had enough of it," reverting sharply to her former tone of one who has a righteous grievance. "It's all very well for you. You go out in the morning and come in when you like, and all you've got to say is 'Business, girls!' and that's enough; but why should we be

expected all to do the same thing like so many sheep? Why must we slump ourselves all together—we do this, we go here, we think so—as if we were the editor of something or other? I'm not a child. I'm quite able to look after myself. Why shouldn't I have my friends and my interests? Why must I always herd with Agatha and Lottie; why must I care or pretend to care for the same things, and why must I be taken to task and expected to render an account of all my doings, if I go out for an hour or two, or else, if I don't, I'm supposed to have been doing something—well, doubtful. Why can't we let each other alone a little?" with a laugh partly at her own tirade, but which held a ring of very real protest and revolt.

If Laura had been any other man's sister Rupert would have been instantly conquered and convinced of her right to self-assertion, as she stood there, a charming picture of gay, confident youth. Her fair head was slightly flung back, the bright hair curling the more rebelliously, because of the damp air without, round the fresh young face. But since it was merely his own little sister, he could only stare doubtfully at her, while he said, "I'd like to know what Jem Charteris will have to say to this declaration of independence, as you call it."

"That might depend a good deal upon what I might have to say to Jem," said Laura, as, with a smiling defiant little nod, she turned and left the room.

Rupert looked at Agatha. "Think of the kid kicking over the traces like that!" he ejaculated. "What on earth's up, Aggie?"

"Am I likely to know, or to try to know, after that—that exhibition?" said the elder girl bitterly.

"You—you haven't—you and Lottie, been drawing the reins a bit too tight maybe?" hazarded her brother.

"Of course you'll take her part," said Agatha. "But do you think mine has been an easy task all these years since we were left to ourselves, and I so young? At least I have done my best."

Under the controlled voice there was so sudden a throb of emotion that the young man was startled. Agatha was usually so entirely mistress of herself—and of every other body, he would have added.

"Of course you have," he said hastily. "Little Lau is really only a kid yet. Likely

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she doesn't mean half she says. I hope not, for I'm sure old Jem wouldn't like it. I know I jolly well shouldn't—girls ought to be taken care of. But perhaps you could *seem* to give her her head a bit more, though you were keeping an eye on her, eh, Aggie?" and having delivered himself of this piece of wisdom, he hurriedly left the room, with the usual male dread of a possible "scene," since Aggie didn't seem herself to-day.

Left alone, Agatha sewed swiftly for a few minutes longer, and then rising, folded up her work and added it to the growing pile of warm woollen garments heaped on a table in the little morning-room, which as in so many homes had for months past been turned into a workroom, while every spare moment had been given to the making of "comforts" so sorely needed by the men in camp and trench and hospital—a work in which Agatha had taken the lead and the lion's share, as she did in all else.

"What would have become of the Thrings if it hadn't been for Agatha?" was the usual exclamation of friends and acquaintances; and in moments of self-justification such as the present, Agatha sometimes put the question to herself. She knew that she had been the mainstay of the fatherless and motherless household, and owing to Rupert's delicate health, practically the head of the family since, as a girl in her teens, she had gathered the reins into her vigorous hands.

But of late years there had been a growing change. The home atmosphere had been far from peaceful. Her plans were debated, her fiat was no longer final. True, Lottie, though she might grumble, usually sided with her, and Rupert she could still manage as a rule, but Laura was more and more bent upon taking her own way. Like many parents whose children are children no longer, Agatha for all her cleverness could not see that the girl had her own individuality and that within certain limits she had a right to her freedom. To Agatha, Laura's outburst seemed cruelly unjust and ungrateful. Had she not done her utmost and sacrificed much to create and keep a home for the younger ones? And this was her reward!

Some days later Agatha and Lottie had been sewing steadily all the brightening spring afternoon. Both had ungrudgingly given up favourite pursuits for work which,

apart from its object, was monotonous enough. For a time there had been no sound but the whir of the sewing machine, when the parlourmaid brought in a letter and handed it to Agatha. Agatha looked doubtfully at the cheap envelope, and the sloping, spidery writing.

"It's certainly addressed to Miss Thring, or rather the writer has begun *Mademoiselle* and changed it to *Miss*, and it's an odd, foreign-looking hand. Have you any foreign correspondents, Lottie?"

"Not that I know of," said Lottie, with a glance at the envelope.

"Perhaps it's for Laura," suggested Agatha; for in a household with three Miss Thrings, letters so addressed sometimes presented a difficulty, and were apt to prove an apple of discord afterwards.

"Likely it's only another appeal, and one can't consider half of them, more's the pity. Anyhow, Laura's out—goodness knows where. I do think she might sometimes help a little more. It's all very well to say she's not good at sewing, but a child might tack these seams and save our time. You'd better open it," Lottie added fretfully as her thread suddenly tangled and snapped.

Agatha half-unconsciously stifled the recollection of how utterly she had discouraged Laura's first bungling attempts to deal with the mystery of a helpless-case shirt. That needn't have hindered her, though, from helping with simpler parts, as Lottie said, so she thought involuntarily as she opened the letter. She read it with an air of blank surprise which roused Lottie's curiosity.

"What on earth can it be about to make you stare so?" she asked.

"I don't know," said Agatha slowly. "It's a very queer letter. I don't know whether it's some stupid joke. It's in very odd English with a French word every here and there. Some of it's about a spring walk in the country, for all the world like an exercise, but it ends: 'Your ever devoted and grateful adorer, Maurice Verhaeren.' What can it mean?"

"Perhaps Laura can explain," said Lottie a little maliciously, as Laura entered, flushed from her walk, and bringing a waft of spring freshness into the room, where the air was heavy with the fluff and smell of woollen stuffs.

Lottie was hot and tired; from her point of view, Laura wasn't "pulling

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fair," and so she let her smouldering irritation find vent.

Laura saw the letter in Agatha's hand, and her slight flush deepened to rose-red.

"I thought we had decided not to open each other's letters," she said quickly.

"How could I know it was your letter?" retorted Agatha. "If you and Lottie won't take any trouble, and allow people to address you as Miss Thring, what else can you expect?"

"Since you have opened it, perhaps I may have it now," said Laura, holding out her hand. She had come home, resolved to be very amiable, and as a peace-offering to give her help, if only it would be accepted; but Lottie's look, Agatha's tone, sent all her good resolutions flying.

If Agatha had been wise she would have waited till a more favourable moment, but she went on, in a tone she tried to make conciliatory:

"I couldn't help reading it. I must say it's a very strange letter for you to be receiving—especially the way the—the person signs himself."

Laura glanced at the signature and flushed up to her fair, waving hair.

"Oh, that doesn't mean anything," she said hastily, gulping down the vexation which almost forced the tears into her eyes.

"Whether it does or not, I don't think you should allow anyone to write to you like that," said Agatha gravely, "and I think I must ask who the writer is."

"It's no one whom you know," said Laura hotly.

"All the more reason, then, why I should know," urged Agatha.

"I don't see why you should want to make a secret of it," put in Lottie. "If you do, of course you'll force us to think——"

"You may think what you like. I've a right to do what I think best, and I'm doing no wrong. Wrong!" with a short laugh. "Anyhow, I don't choose to be taken to task in this fashion any longer," and Laura marched out of the room, panoplied in very youthful dignity which was only stiffened by the echo of Lottie's astonished "Dear me!"

That dignity upheld her till she reached her own room, when it suddenly gave way to a burst of equally youthful crying, in which regret and shame were mingled

with vexation and a smarting sense of injustice.

"I didn't mean to make it a secret. If they'd just have let me alone I'd have told them all about it, even though they did laugh at me for it, as of course they would. I'm not supposed to be fit to do anything," was her conclusion as she gulped down the last of her sobs.

If to be let alone was all Laura wanted, she had ample experience of it for the next few days. No one asked where she was going, or what she was doing, or sought her help. Lottie almost ostentatiously disassociated herself from her, and Agatha was gravely silent. Rupert, conscious of something electric in the atmosphere, chose to treat it as a jest.

"Still on the independent lay, Kiddie?" he would ask. "Take my advice and climb down. You'll have to do it, sooner or later, for you may bet your boots Aggie won't."

And yet if he had known it, Agatha would have "climbed down" willingly enough, if only she had known how. It was never easy for her to admit that she might have been wrong, yet she was now asking herself doubtfully how such a barrier could have arisen between her and her little sister. Could it be her fault in any way? She was tormented also by the thought of that strange letter, by the fear that Laura might be drawn into some mad imprudence, which she herself seemed helpless to prevent. To attempt restraint would be useless at present, while to watch Laura's comings and goings revolted her sisterly and her womanly feelings. The same feelings kept her from seeking advice. She couldn't give Laura away, she would have said. It was needless consulting Rupert. He was only a boy yet; he would only laugh—and who else was there?

To an outsider it might at a first glance have seemed an answer to the anxious query when a comfortable-looking elderly lady was ushered in, but her entrance in no way lightened the gloom of Agatha's countenance, though she tried to summon up a smile. Greetings over, Miss Charteris' face settled back to what seemed its habitual expression—a peevish, fretful anxiety, which had hitherto chiefly exercised itself on what more happily constituted people would have considered trifles. A cousin of Agatha's mother,

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the young Thrings had always called Miss Charteris "aunt," and her orphan nephew, Jem, whom with many heart-searchings she had brought up, had been like a brother in their household. She had real enough cause for anxiety now, since Jem, after a brilliant opening career as a surgeon, had thrown all up and volunteered for army work, and though now in camp, was only waiting a summons to join a field hospital. Agatha expected to have to condole with her as usual as to Jem, and could only gaze bewildered when Miss Charteris, with whom speech was as the letting out of water, began:

"My dear, I've just heard something which has upset me dreadfully. Probably there's no truth in it—at least, I trust there isn't—but you never know with girls nowadays, so I thought I'd better come to you at once. Of course, there's a great fascination just now about the poor dear Belgians, and young girls are romantic and apt to be carried away, especially when they are rather headstrong and self-willed like Laura. I know she prides herself on being modern and advanced, as it's called—"

"Really, Aunt Joan, you're rather hard on Laura." Agatha tried to protest, but Miss Charteris swept on regardless—

"I don't quite credit it, still, if there's anything in it Jem would need to hear it, and you know what it might mean to him. I really can't bear to think of it, poor boy, and all the more as I've just had a wire from him. I was coming to tell you of it, anyhow. He may take a run home at any moment, and I'm sure that means that he's coming to say good-bye; and if it were my duty—my painful duty, to tell him this—"

"Stop, Aunt Joan," said Agatha, with a vigour which momentarily stemmed the flood. "What is it that you may have to tell Jem?"

"Why, I've just been telling you—it's about Laura. Though there's nothing settled, we all know what dear Jem's wishes are, though for myself I've always thought her young enough and too heedless to appreciate her great good fortune that a man like Jem should care for her, and perhaps this proves it—"

"About Laura!—what could you hear about Laura?" exclaimed Agatha, with an indignant stiffening of figure and voice, suggesting the angry ruffling of the feathers of a mother-bird, which might at times peck

at her own brood, but woe to the outsider who might venture to attempt the same.

"It's very painful for me to tell you, but if you know nothing of it, I fear Laura has been not only—well, we'll call it rash, but—"

"Tell me at once what you've heard," demanded Agatha, in a tone which made Miss Charteris blurt out—

"It seems she's always about with a young Belgian; she even goes to the house where he is lodging"—with round, horrified eyes—"and if you think that's proper—"

"Who has been talking such nonsense?" broke in Agatha, and then a darting memory of that strange letter, of Laura's hot flush, stopped her breath for a moment. "Of course, it's someone Laura has been trying to help—that must be all the truth there is in it," she went on valiantly next instant. Her protective instincts were now fully aroused. Whatever doubts or fears she herself might have, no other one, and certainly not Jem's aunt, would assail little Laura with impunity.

The door opened. With a deprecating air, the parlourmaid uttered a wholly unintelligible jumble of sounds and ushered in an unknown youth, slim and dark, and very manifestly a foreigner. Miss Charteris gave an audible gasp. Agatha's heart seemed to drop down in her breast like a stone into deep well-water. What were they going to hear?

"Meess Laure, she is not then *chez elle*? I have been deceived," said the new-comer, with a glance round and a sweeping apologetic bow to the two ladies.

"My sister is not at home; can I take a message for her?" asked Agatha coldly.

"Ah, *je suis désolé*," murmured the intruder. "I had desired to see the Meess to—to—à offrir à ses pieds mes remerciements—ma dévotion—"

Again Miss Charteris gasped. The last word at least she could understand, though she could not follow him, and Agatha only partially, in the flood of rapid French in which he gave his feelings vent.

"My sister will be pleased to know that she has been able to assist you," said Agatha rather vaguely, as at last he paused for breath. She thought that was what he meant—she hoped it was; anyhow, it was what she wanted Aunt Joan to believe. Now if she could only get rid of him and

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his inconvenient gratitude before Miss Charteris recovered herself and began to ask questions which might prove awkward.

"I have no doubt," she went on, "that my sister Laura will——"

"Better let her answer for herself," struck in Laura's young, ringing voice from behind the tall folding screen which stood before the door, and next moment she appeared round it.

"Hallo, Aunt Joan, any more news?"—she began, and then, at the sight of the stranger, her voice broke off short like a snapped bough. She stood still as if rooted to the spot, while a wave of red overflowed her throat and face.

The youth darted forward. To the startled onlookers it seemed for a moment as if he were about to fall upon his knees, but he contented himself with seizing Laura's hands and kissing them.

"I am glad you have come in, Laura," said Agatha, in as collected a voice as she could produce, and with some idea of still saving the situation. "This—this gentleman is very grateful for what you have done for him and wanted to thank you personally."

Her one consolation was that the "gentleman" was evidently so extremely young. Indeed, now that she had more time to notice him, he seemed a mere boy. His dark colouring and somewhat elaborate manner had at first sight made him appear much older—still, what did it mean? Laura,



"'It's all right,' said Jem hoarsely; 'I've got Laura's promise at last'"—p. 650.

Drawn by
J. Dewar Milne

usually so vocal, seemed struck dumb, but the stranger was at no loss.

"I did—I do!" he exclaimed, "and I must try to tank my so kind teacher in the Engleesh"—with pauses between while he evidently sought for the words. "The post—it is mine!" with a triumphant gesture. "My sister is also transported. She, too, would have come, *mais elle est enrhumée*."

"You've got the situation!" exclaimed Laura, suddenly finding voice, her eyes kindling. "That's really splendid! I am glad!"

"I'm afraid I must be rather dull," struck in Miss Charteris huffily. "I'm glad

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the young gentleman seems so grateful, but perhaps you will now kindly explain, Laura, what it's all about."

"All about? It's a clear case of 'Much ado about nothing!'" said Laura, with her fresh, girlish laugh, which had been unheard in the house for some time. "Let me introduce my friend first, though," then, after the little formality, "I've been helping M. Verhaeren a little, a very little, with his English—he generously makes far too much of it. He had hopes, if only he knew more English, of getting a post which would maintain him and his sister till brighter days come, and I'm so pleased—so proud to hear he has got it," turning her sweet, sincere eyes from the boy's glowing face to Miss Charteris and then to her sister.

"Agatha," she said, in a low, hurried voice—while Aunt Joan, feeling she might now relax her judicial attitude, addressed young Verhaeren in a very raised, deliberate tone as if she were speaking to someone deaf—"I've been a beast to you, and what's worse, a silly beast. I'm such a duffer at sewing I felt I was only in your way, but I did want to do something—to help in some way—it seemed dreadful to be doing nothing. Then I heard at the Greys' about M. Verhaeren and his sister, and that he was so keen to learn English and to have someone to read it with him, and as you didn't need me I've been trying to help him. I did mean to tell you all about it long ago—I've been dying to do it—but somehow my back got up, and I just couldn't, and then I thought you and Lottie and Ru would all laugh at the idea of *me* teaching anybody—"

Tuff—tuff—a taxi pulled up at the door and stood panting there. There were hasty steps in the hall without, the door was so swiftly opened that the screen was nearly overturned, and a tall young man burst in. His eyes instantly sought Laura, though he addressed Miss Charteris.

"You got my wire, Aunt Jo, so you won't wonder to see me, but I've only twenty minutes between the trains; we've got the route from Southampton to-night. I must speak to you, Laura," in a tone between entreaty and command. "Ah, M. Ver-

haeren," as, his glance lighting on the stranger, Agatha hurriedly named him. "I hope to see many of your fellow countrymen soon, and pay back a little of the great debt we owe you; but Laura"—turning abruptly to her—"I must speak to you." He was past convention, past all reserve and restraint in that moment.

"Go to the morning-room, Lau," said Agatha, using the old childish diminutive which she had dropped of late years.

"I now take myself off. We are not strangers in our land to these partings—no!" young Verhaeren said, with a quaint mingling of colloquialism and pathos, as the door closed upon the couple. Then wistfully, "*Mais peut-être*—you might—*de grâce*—permit—"

"Yes, come again—do come soon and bring your sister. We shall be glad to know her," warmly. "And the English lessons needn't stop—they can go on here," said Agatha, with a smile which made the youth decide that the elder *Meess*, who had at first seemed so formidable, was nearly as charming as his adored *Meess Laure*.

The twenty minutes were all but up when the morning-room door opened. Jem Charteris was pale, his eyes bright but misty. Laura had a strange, rapt, ecstatic look. She seemed like one walking in a world apart.

"It's all right," said Jem hoarsely to Agatha, "I've got Laura's promise at last. I couldn't go without it. It wasn't enough to be just good friends. You'll take care of her for me, Agatha," grasping her hands. "I'm thankful I can leave her in a happy home till, please God, He brings me back to make one for her."

"Yes, Jem, I can promise that. I can promise that she'll have a *happier* home. I know better now what *home* should mean," said Agatha, with an almost passionate significance, which Jem was too absorbed to notice. Then she stepped back and softly closed the door. The last look, the last words, were Laura's right.

"My dear!" exclaimed Miss Charteris, as the taxi puffed away. "After all, I never explained to Jem about young M. Verhaeren, but even if he does hear about him, I don't suppose it matters now."





IS THE MODERN CHILD SPOILT?

By

AMY B. BARNARD, L.L.A.

become a cult of the intelligent mother. Newspapers and magazines display photographs of fascinating, chubby babies fed on somebody's food; every suburb of London, from Golder's Green to Streatham, would vainly claim the finest specimens of childhood. The modern baby carriage is as different from the old open perambulator as a Pullman from an old third-class smoker, and in the instances, fortunately decreasing, where the wicked mail-cart is in use, most people account for it pityingly by ignorance and poverty.

Physical Improvement

The prominence given to the study of eugenics and child culture in England and America, the flood of books on the subject of training, the eagerness to examine and test every new system, are all signs that we are anxious not to spoil, and as a nation recognise the responsibility of encouraging the good and checking the bad as it shows itself in the growing child. We have the collective wisdom of motherhood of the past, up-to-date science, elaborate study and statistics of child life, hygienic clothing, and every possible contrivance for making the normal child healthy, and consequently happy, a delightful little person of smiles, dimples, and cooing laughter. Oh no, we surely cannot say that the bodies of little children are spoilt, barring, of course, poor little mites that are half-starved, and even these a kind Care Committee or School for Mothers seeks to help.

Risk to the average child comes later when, ignorant of what is good for him, he persists in having his own way, and those around, for peace and quiet, foolishly yield. For instance, Clarence refuses to wear his new boots, and there is a scene. The weak mother says, "Oh, never mind, nurse, let him wear the old ones." He does. It rains; his feet get damp, and he catches cold. Mature judgment has succumbed to that of a

IT is frequently said, "Children are so spoilt nowadays."

But is this true?

Few grown-ups, of course, ever admit that they were spoilt in childhood, and probably all through the ages it has happened that each generation in turn has uttered warning cries about spoiling the following one. Besides, both the meaning and methods of spoiling change, and results should be seen before passing judgment.

What is "Spoilt"?

Possibly the mother of to-day, with her healthy, natural, frank little girl of five, would regard as "spoilt" the shy, quiet, repressed, nursery-limited child of early Victorian days; while a great-grandmother of those times, could she pronounce opinion on her descendant, might lift up her hands in dismay, and exclaim, "So precocious! So self-willed! Quite spoilt!"

Yet it is probable that if to-day we define spoiling as mismanagement that injures the child's *morale* and mars perfect development of body and mind, the present-day child is less spoilt than the early Victorian one. That certainly is so with the physical well-being of the baby—its feeding, sleeping, clothing, bathing, airing, handling; for every process and detail of what we call nurture have

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child who has not learned obedience; his little body suffers, and he loses faith in his mother's judgment and ability to enforce his obedience. A sensible mother discriminates between a freakish objection to the boots and a valid one, using all her gentle persuasion to get the boy to overcome the objection. Threats and harsh insistence may force him to wear the boots, and they rub blisters on his heels; but worse still is the harm to the character of the little one—resentment, estrangement, maybe deceit, are the seeds of spoiling now planted; and these will flourish when blistered heels are forgotten.

When Harm Comes

Boys and girls, especially boys, love picture palaces; they have even begged in the streets for coppers to pay the three-pence for entrance. But hours of gazing at flickering pictures hurt the eyes.

The child cannot, of course, see harm in paddling all day on the seashore, or sitting up "just an hour longer" when visitors are present and he or she is old enough to be keenly interested in their entertainment. Then it is, not in babyhood, that the risk of harm comes, either through some ailment or illness, or by breaking the child's sequence of obedience to law and self-rule.

It must be admitted some foolish coddling

still persists, chiefly in homes of luxury. One little boy of three, I am told, was so "carefully" fed, that on visiting friends he ate like a half-starved child the plain fare set before him; peaky, white-faced and listless, he was nicely dressed, and sat on a chair under threats of punishment if he ran about and got dirty. And the mother bemoaned she took such care of him, yet he was still so weakly. Fortunately the children of poverty are rarely subject to this form of spoliation. As one poor mother says, roughing it does harden them; and it is her proud boast that her lad, who longs to be a soldier, like his father, is big for his age, sturdy, and capable of enduring much. The mother has been out charing since he was a baby, but she is a wise mother and has managed to give him plain, nourishing food.

Sweets, Meats, and Fancy Cakes

Not every child is so fortunate. Sometimes the natural liking for sweets is utilised as bribery for good behaviour, or the appetite is satisfied extravagantly till digestion is injured, and fastidiousness over likes and dislikes makes the child a misery to itself and others. How often does the present-day child "clear the plate" as a matter of course and without a murmur? One of the hardships of boarding-school life is, to the fastidious boy or girl, the obligation



The Tea Party.

Photo: Underwood.

IS THE MODERN CHILD SPOILT?

to eat what is set before him or her. There is a bigger and stronger root of spoiling in the matter of eating and drinking than is apparent on the surface—greediness and selfishness, yes, and extravagance.

One day a little girl of about six entered a tea-shop with her mother. The waitress was asked to bring a great variety of fancy cakes, and loaded the table with all she could find.

"Now, my darling," said the foolish mother, "what *would* you like to have?" The little girl helped herself to a few samples, taking a bite out of each.

Such incidents prove that spoiling still goes on, and if it were not counterbalanced by wise disciplinary treatment at school, the consequences would be very bad for the children.

A few months ago Londoners were a good deal shocked by the revelations of special constables concerning the children who waited in the depths of the night, between two and four A.M., outside bakeries, to obtain the stale bread given away. Evidently there is still work for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and while there is pampering here, there is hard treatment there.

Severity rebounds in an aggravated form. A Prussian officer's treatment of his boys is an instance in point. A young English governess in a Prussian family was made extremely unhappy at the severe punishments inflicted on the children, on a certain occasion a little boy being so whipped on the legs that he could not bear the touch of his socks. What are the cumulative effects of such treatment Europe has had cause to know but too well. Contrast such methods with the judicious hardening of the little body to cold, heat, and fatigue, the movements of the limbs unfettered by tight clothing, and absolute fearlessness through never having been hurt in punishment, except as Nature has inflicted pain when her laws were transgressed; the result is a fine, noble child physically.

And what of the spoiling of character?—which, indeed, is what we usually mean by "spoiling." We must confess mistakes are still made. Doubtless in revulsion from



Mollie.

Photo: Mayes.

over-strictness in the last century, many parents err on the side of weak indulgence, going the way of least resistance, regardless of any attempt at consistent training of the child's character and mind.

It is a simple and wonderful fact that no child is exactly like another, yet all of a family with differing capacities and predilections are passed through the same mill. There is too little study of the individual even yet. The boy who is timid and mistrustful, and far too submissive, has these defects accentuated by all responsibility and initiative being delegated to his bolder brother. The latter loves to rule the rest, and takes advantage of his two years' seniority to the harm of the younger ones' free growth.

Will without Reason

A point little understood is that the child differs from the adult in immaturity of intellect and insufficiency of knowledge for effective reasoning, but not in the strength of feeling or will. The latter, in quite a young child, are as active as they will ever be, and outbalance the reasoning powers. Here is the parent's stumbling-block. Will is pitted against will, and when the parent's is the weaker of the two, and tears and screams are added to the child's demands, grave trouble follows. Last Christmas a child was given

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its desire—an airgun! Not many weeks later another child of the family had its eye destroyed by the owner accidentally letting off that gun. The child had neither the intelligence nor knowledge to realise the danger of such a toy, a fact the parent fatally ignored when, anxious not to disappoint desire, one will yielded to the other.

In many a nursery the wish to make the child happy finds unwise forms of expression. Heaps of toys and games keep the little brain bewildered and strained. Excitement follows excitement; there is no chance for thought and experiment with simple materials, no opportunity for delightful mud pies, make-believe people, toys of wood and paper, contrivances out of odds and ends infinitely more valuable for their training in inventive skill than dozens of mechanical toys. This is an insidious form of spoiling, but none the less spoiling; for if justice is to be done to the child, he must be encouraged to develop all his powers of his own accord. Wisely surrounded by opportunities, and encircled by love, boy and girl will then flourish and blossom like the flowers; and not friction, but a beautiful accord will be the common relationship between parent and child. The wealth of affection lavished on children will be helpful, not harmful, to them, because it will be controlled by intelligence.

The quick, precocious mind of the modern child is often treated as though it were matured, balanced, self-controlled, capable

of the same strain as that of a grown person; it is forgotten or unknown that long hours of amusement and excitement must be bad for the child's brain, which needs plenty of rest and quiet—just as the baby needs sleep.

Pity the child over whose management parents disagree. "Father says" pitted against "Mother says" means tragedy for the child; so, too, does petting one moment and smart reproof and irritability the next. Without consistency, the very meaning of justice and order cannot be grasped. Is it surprising that when the little brother is favoured, and his interests considered before his sister's, the latter is bewildered at such partiality?

Drawing-room Recitations

There is a way of spoiling very hard on little girls. Children, particularly little girls, are so quick and intelligent that they are brought in to entertain people in the drawing-room and on the platform by their dancing and reciting. Sometimes they are unsuitably and too scantily dressed, and neither clothing nor performance is good for their modesty. A girl, doubtless for wise ends, is as a rule peculiarly sensitive to the approval of those about her. To encourage in her a liking for applause and to put upon her the strain of performing in public are not the acts of a wise and thoughtful mother.

These are a few of the ways in which children's characters are spoilt to-day; but in mentioning them it would be a mis-

take to assume that spoiling is widespread. Generalisations, even from many instances, are often dangerous. And by way of contrast with the lapses, bad management, and ill-judged discipline that are noticeable, there is a splendid advance on the part of the best young parenthood of to-day. The strenuous times through which we have been passing have pressed home the problem of racial progress—and child training which results in racial progress—as never before.

The life of the child has become exceedingly precious. The family's resources in the most important of all possessions, viz. young life, are rightly regarded as the hope of the world's future.



In the Stocks.

Photo: Underwood.

THE RIGHT TO GO

The Story of a Daughter, and her Place in the Home Circle

By JULIET TOMPKINS

IT was an ordinary home evening; no one but Olive seemed to find anything distressful about it. Perhaps it was the healthy family way, she told herself, trying to still her quivering nerves and go on with her book. She had an intense desire to be fair. She was willing to admit that if her mother found the blunders and sins of individuals and institutions more interesting than any other topic, she had a perfect right to dwell on them; but that same fairness always drove Olive to the defence. And it was written on her odd little face, with its sensitive shadows and its nervous shadows and its nervous courage, that defence or strife of any sort was torture to her. She had stood up feverishly for the hospital committee that evening, miserable at the necessity, but goaded to it by the knowledge of good work done, of mitigating causes for mistakes. Mrs. Hobart had deftly shifted her point of attack so that presently Olive found herself defending a member of the committee's taste in hats, and broke off with a smothered cry for peace.

"All I say is that when a woman looks like a fright in yellow, she ought not to wear it," said Mrs. Hobart victoriously. "That isn't anything against her character. The trouble with you, Olive, is that you won't face facts."

Then Oscar had come in with a tale of an accident, a tale of blood and horror, of which he had spared them no detail. Oscar was not brutal, but he was thorough. He had started to tell this thing, and protests did not penetrate to his understanding.

"You can't always shirk sad things, Olive," said her mother reprovingly.

Olive's whole body had twisted with reflected pain ever since; the unforgettable details stuck like burrs. After a brief lull, Mollie had triumphantly remembered that Mr. Bullitt, who was a full professor of English literature, and therefore knew, had called Charlotte Brontë morbid. Mollie considered that Olive overvalued Miss Brontë, and so rushed to her with every

adverse comment. She was not ill-natured; merely human, and passionately desirous of proving herself in the right. Olive had risen hotly to the defence; she could never remember in time to let things pass. Mollie presumably enjoyed the encounter, and, though overborne, retreated with an air of reserving herself for the next onslaught.

"Oh, if only no one would speak for half an hour!" was Olive's prayer as she escaped into the serene pages of Maeterlinck.

"I don't see why Bessie wants to keep up that big house, just for herself and Jerome," began Mrs. Hobart, wholly reinvigorated by five minutes of family silence. "Jerome is in town half the time, anyhow; he is absolutely selfish about that. He never seems to realise that his mother——"

But Olive had slipped out. Up in her own room, she closed the door as though against pursuit. The light, springing up, showed her tense, quivering.

"Oh, is there nobody on earth but me who cares about peace and pleasantness?" she broke out. "Is all family life one long fight? Can't one ever be off guard? Oh, I want to go, I want to go!"

Feverish in her longing for tranquillity, she pulled down grammar and dictionary and tried to plunge into cooling depths of scholarship. Olive always studied Spanish when she was mentally disturbed; and it was a sorry fact that she had made great progress in that language. It was not given to her to take life easily. She could be hurt at so many points that often she longed to creep into some high-walled convent and hide for ever under coif and robe. But, on the other hand, she could be so exquisitely happy. Certain days, just by the quality of their breath, could so surround her with splendours that she seemed to be still trailing her original clouds of glory. A new book was a thing to run home to; a chance meeting with a friend was a glad miracle. She loved her fellow-men and women, went to gatherings of them with shy joy; it was only because

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of some tiny, dire accident—exceptional each time—that she usually came away from them bruised or distressed. In a world made just exactly right, Olive would have been a very happy young woman, and would have known no Spanish whatever.

Books could not hold her to-night. The desire to go, when she faced it, became always the right to go. What was this tyrannical law of home that said, "Though you serve no purpose, fill no need, you shall stay?" Must square pegs endure round holes till they rotted, just because they had originally been thrust there? She could not answer, and yet she could not act. A plan of escape had lain like a packed bag in her closet ever since a legacy of two hundred pounds had come to her two years ago, but she had played with it as one might play with the fairy's three wishes, knowing that such things never really come true. The unquestionable right to go always ran into that senseless intangible law.

"Some day I shall do it," she prophesied.

Leaning against the bed, she cooled her face in the pillow, and presently cooled her soul with a dream of a home where love and beauty reigned, where the acknowledged bad was seen in relation to acknowledged good, and all things were dealt with in fairness and truth. She did not people this home; but the vibration of the doorbell brought a flush to her cheeks. She had resumed her scholarly attitude over her books when Mollie opened the door.

"Cousin Bessie and Jerome are here," she said, "so I suppose you will condescend to come downstairs." Olive's palms pressed her forehead.

"Oh, Mollie, what is the harm of sitting in one's own room?" she pleaded.

"Harm? I think it's a good idea. More room for the rest of us," was the robust answer as Mollie hopped down the stairs.

"Olive never cares to stay with the family," Mrs. Hobart was saying as Olive came in. "She is always going off to her room."

Cousin Bessie looked at the girl with one corner of her generous mouth humorously drawn down. She was a big, gaunt woman, bold of movement, tranquil with power. Her son called her Shakespearean.

"I wish Jerry would do that," she observed. "When he's home I never get

any reading done. He's a perfect nuisance." Jerome's smile admitted it.

"But mother is so amusing," he protested in his slow, sleepy way.

"But—my word!—the girls were amusing in my day," Cousin Bessie said with emphasis. "He'll never marry, at this rate."

Jerome's eyes wandered to Olive's, holding them for half a second. "Oh, there's no hurry," he said tranquilly. His mother turned from him with good-humoured impatience.

Mollie, who adored her Cousin Jerome, had taken possession of him, and Oscar had some serious young problems to lay before his legal mind. Olive drew her chair close to his mother's, content just to be in the room with his wise serenity and her easy power. Cousin Bessie's conversation was positive, even combative, but it never made one wince, or suffer, or fly wretchedly to the defence.

"Because she is fair, always fair," Olive decided. "She sees the whole, good and bad together. And when she says sharp things it's because she truly thinks them, like a man—not because she has a drop of venom in her like a woman." Her hand crept an inch closer to the big hand lying on the wicker chair-arm. Cousin Bessie smiled comprehendingly down at her.

"Well, little Olive branch—still offering peace to a scrappy world?" she asked.

"Nobody but me wants peace, Cousin Bessie," Olive had murmured, but the others heard and seized their chance.

"Olive thinks that every difference of opinion is a fight," said Mrs. Hobart, with her fatal acumen for a half-truth.

"She doesn't want anyone to say anything she doesn't agree with," Mollie broke in, evidently rejoiced to unburden her mind of that conviction.

"Go ahead, Oscar; your turn," drawled Jerome. "Give her a good one." And so they laughed, and the tension relaxed. Olive, who had been painfully drawn up to make a stand for fairness, dropped back with a delicious sense of being for once let off.

There was no other sitting-room, and though Jerome presently brought his chair over beside Olive's, their talk had to go on under Mollie's sharp young ears. Yet Olive was blessedly content. To be beside

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him, meeting his eyes, answering his smile, was to be at home in a wide, beautiful sense that had nothing to do with habitation. Cousin Bessie's muscular wit surrounded them with laughter, her sturdy impartiality lifted the burden of defence from Olive's soul. It was so good an evening that, after they had gone, Olive sat gazing at her family with warmly shining eyes. How pretty her mother was, how splendid Mollie's robust youth, what a fine, earnest man Oscar would turn out! She loved them all, and sat longing to show it, but too shy to know how. Her mother's voice broke the rich silence.

"I wish Bessie were not so plain-spoken," she said, rolling up her knitting. "She really is almost coarse at times. And she will sit in such an ungainly fashion. Mollie, I don't want you to cross your knees. Do remember that. I know, as a girl, Bessie was always a little uncouth. It's a pity."

The light was out in Olive's face. She dropped it into her hands, but said nothing. Perhaps the charge was true—but, oh, why utter it, why dwell on the flaw, when the excellence was so manifest? Oh, to live with a loyalty so chivalrous that you could hear the name of your nearest and dearest without apprehension!

Mrs. Hobart was moving placidly from window to window. "I suppose Jerome must have brains—everyone says he has," she went on. "I confess, I never see a sign of them. Now his father had just that stupid, sleepy way, but he was really brilliant. I sometimes wonder if Jerome isn't rather travelling on his reputation. Do you want the lamp, Olive? I am going to bed."

Olive left the room without answering. She fairly ran to her familiar refuge. The light showed her this time her wet eyes.

"I don't care—I hate her!" she said aloud. Then the shock of her own words sobered and stilled her. It was an awful thing to say. It could not be true. In shame and humility, she took it back. But it might be true some day, she admitted, very gravely, and sat facing the consequences. The right to go had suddenly become a solemn duty; she must not stay where that horrible thought might again leap out.

"The time has come," she announced to the midnight quiet, and lived the rest of the night in her new life of work and peace.

Yet, in the morning, she could not do it. The unreasonable, incomprehensible obligation to stay made all her honest convictions look like feeble excuses. The family did not really want her, and yet, for the same blind reason, they would fight her going. Looking at their unconscious faces she trembled unbearably at the idea of telling them. Something stronger than a righteous decision was needed to carry her through that moment.

It was Sunday, and she comforted her bruised spirit with that. Whatever the week brought, there was always Sunday afternoon, when, at Cousin Bessie's, she was wont to have a peaceful two or three hours. Her family felt an obscure resentment of her Sunday afternoons. She usually kept silent about them, but that night, when she had raced home in a whirl of autumn leaves, her lighted spirit could not be hidden.

"I have had such a nice time," she said, longing to throw her arms about her mother, but kept from it by the lurking knowledge that, a moment later, she might wish she hadn't. And Mrs. Hobart's first sentence struck down the desire.

"I think Jerome ought to see you home, when it is dark like this," she said. "He is very remiss. Just because you are a relative doesn't—"

"But there were people still there," said Olive quickly.

"He could have managed it. I don't consider that Jerome has good manners at all."

Olive, trying desperately to keep her good humour, achieved a small laugh. "It's queer about manners," she said. "Some men have to do everything just right, or you won't stand them; and others seem to be born exempt. One never expects little attentions from Jerome, somehow. One even likes him better without them."

"That's the silliest thing I ever heard," Mollie broke in. Mollie was a firm believer in the "Thou fool!" school of argument.

"No, truly it isn't, Mollie. I am not just talking." Olive tried to explain how Jerome's bigness—of brain and character—put him on a different footing from the sleek, polished little men who met one with a scramble of manners; but Mollie was at that stage of development where it is intolerable to be the one not talking. "Oh, let me say just one thing, Olive, before I forget

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" 'You ought to wear a big, splashy red rose with it,' he said "—p. 561.

Drawn by
N. Schlegel.

it." Olive, whose theory about Jerome's little omissions was dear to her, turned away with a short sigh.

"You might have let me finish, just this once, Mollie," she said.

"I thought you had nearly finished," Mollie explained.

Mrs. Hobart had paused in the act of drawing down a shade. "There goes Jerome now," she said; "with Louie Laidlaw. He seems to be able to pay the small attentions there. I wonder—" She watched them in thoughtful silence. "A connection with

Mr. Laidlaw would be very valuable to a young lawyer," she observed, turning away. "Jerome will marry someone who will advance his interests—you may be sure of that."

"What makes you say so?" Olive's voice had a cold hostility that aggrieved her mother.

"I am not saying anything against him, Olive—you are always going off like that. You don't suppose that

Jerome's father would have got where he did without Bessie's money, do you? Yet he was perfectly devoted to her, a very good husband in every way—though I always thought him horribly selfish. A man may love a woman and yet know what he is getting too. And Louie is a very pretty, lively girl; she would wake him up. Jerome is so heavy for a young man."

"Does he see much of her?" asked Mollie.

"Why—I don't know." Olive was bent over a magazine picture. "She and Mr. Laidlaw usually come on Sunday, at tea time. I never—thought about it. Louie has so many—men."

"Mr. Laidlaw would probably like it; he and Jerome's father were so closely associated. I know he sent Louie a big bunch of violets the other day; I was there when they came. I wonder I didn't think of it then." Mrs. Hobart's face was as placid as the white wool in her lap. She never thought of marriage in connection with Olive, who was queer and difficult, and so manifestly better off single. "Now, do you want to get the supper, my dear? It is nearly time."

Olive slowly left the room, but in a few

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moments she was back. Her intense little face was pale, and her eyes had a dark blaze. Her speech came abruptly from the doorway.

"Mother! I don't believe that grown-up families were meant to live together. They turn out too hopelessly different. It's all friction, friction—attack and defence—trying to hide irritation—what is the sense of it? A home ought to be sweet and sunny, like a garden! And when it isn't, we ought not to sit down under it, year after year. We have a right to pleasant lives!"

There was an astonished pause. Then Mollie recovered sufficiently for a sturdy:

"Well, nobody's disagreeable but you!"

Mrs. Hobart's mouth had taken a droop of dignified pathos.

"Of course, if you don't care for your mother and your home, Olive," she was beginning, but the girl cut in:

"I do. I would die for any one of you. Your good news or bad news would matter more to me than anything on earth. But we are not happy together. Don't you see that we aren't?" It was out at last, the protest of many silent years. In the wild relief of saying exactly what she thought, Olive forgot how little prepared her mother was to understand.

Mrs. Hobart resumed her knitting. "I don't think, Olive, that you would be very happy anywhere," she said coldly. "What is it you propose to do?"

"Oh, I want to go away! You don't need me here—and you certainly don't get any comfort out of me! I want to go off by myself; I want to get away from this eternal—discord. I'm tired of—fighting for my life. It's time I went. Men of my age go away from home, mother. Perhaps it's only natural and right." There was a plea under the last words; Olive's courage was slipping down. In her anger, she had felt as strong and clear as Cousin Bessie; but already doubts and scruples were beginning to rise. If her mother could have met her on an equality and frankly acknowledged the difficulty of human relations, the revolt would have ended then and there. But Mrs. Hobart lived by the parental tradition. Her child was unruly, and must be reproached in traditional fashion.

"A man leaves home to earn his living, not because he is annoyed with his family,"

she pointed out. The repulse stiffened Olive's wavering resolve.

"I can do that too," she flung back. "I have my two hundred pounds—I can live on that while I fit myself for some regular work. I'll go to-morrow."

"You'll be back in three weeks," said Mollie.

"Yes, Olive; I think it might be a good thing. You would learn to appreciate your home," Mrs. Hobart added. Olive smiled rather sadly.

"I hope so," she said. "Now I will get the supper."

Olive was far less brave in the morning. The things she had said came back to her as wantonly cruel, and she ached to cry, "I am sorry!" But she could take them back only in pity, not in truth, so, white and miserable, she stood by her outburst. The family had not taken it literally; they did not expect her to go. But when her mother saw the strapped trunk, she shut her lips in a hurt line and said nothing. Even at the last, she did not try to stop the move, having evidently decided that a brief absence from a comfortable home would be good discipline for an ungrateful daughter. Olive longed to talk it over with Jerome; but the thought that he might feel himself called on to offer an alternative sent a flood of colour across her face. For the same reason she could not go to Cousin Bessie, whose plain speech had its terrors. "Jerome is probably coming to it, child! Give him time," Olive heard her saying, and shrank away in panic. She set out as she had said she would, but the right to go was for the moment uncertain, confused by an illogical sense of guilt. She wanted so desperately to be fair.



Every day was a miracle. Far below her windows lay the shining city, its faint tumult deepening the peace and silence of her high abode. Her familiar books, desk and rugs took away the chill of newness, and the devices of her tiny housekeeping taught her the magic word "own." "My own home," "my own little place," she murmured a dozen times a day. The quiet was so sweet to her that she steeped in it as she steeped in the sunlight that streamed across her floor to the opposite wall. Nothing, no one, had to be defended. She could let

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her secret thoughts steal up into her face without fear of a derisive, "What *are* you trying to do, Ollie? You look like a dying fish." She could even say lines of poetry aloud—Mollie had always loathed that weakness and put it down with a strong hand. Olive was not wholly happy just now, and when she realised what it would have meant to drag that little pain about with her under critical eyes, she stretched out her arms to her freedom and panted her gratitude.

It was not a certain trouble—only an uneasiness, centring about Louie Laidlaw, and a bunch of violets. There lay the sting. Till that moment Olive had not been afraid. Jerome had brought her books, of course, but he had never sent her the man-to-girl offerings. That he could send them elsewhere was a bewildering discovery. She forgot it when he came, and he came so often that Louie's power did not look very alarming, but, the nights he did not come, was he laying chocolates and roses before someone else?

It was on such thoughts that Cousin Bessie walked in. Olive flew to her as though she had been homesick; but the older woman knew better. She looked about her with dry amusement.

"Well, Olive—so you have shaken the dust of home off your feet?" she began.

"But, Cousin Bessie, when you aren't happy in a place, and aren't needed, why on earth should you stay there?" Olive demanded.

"Why, indeed!" It was a mocking rejoinder, but Cousin Bessie did not pursue the subject.

"How is mother?" asked Olive.

"Well, the Modern Daughter is her chief theme just now. I think she is enjoying herself very much. I hear you're going to be a librarian."

"I think so. Books are what I know best," Olive explained.

"That's true—Heaven help you. Well, I'm here on a mission, Olive. Your mother sent me. I am to see how you're living, and to tell you to come home."

Olive had her arguments ready, and poured them out. The burden of guilt under which she had started out had been all reasoned away. Only a fool would stay on in an unpleasant life when a pleasant one might be freely hers. She was too loyal to discuss

her family; it was her right to go, her right to her own life, that she maintained so unanswerably. Cousin Bessie heard her out with veiled eyes.

"Oh, rights, rights—do we live by rights?" was all she said. "However—you've got a nice little place. So you like living by yourself?"

"Oh, if you knew, if you knew!"

"I can guess. Well, good night, child. Grow a skin if you can—even in a library you'll need it. Oh, I don't mean a complexion!" And she went off with a laugh, leaving Olive puzzled.

It must be confessed that, though she made her plans, Olive did little work in those flying autumn weeks. Living alone was so exciting, so curiously romantic. She dreamed at her window like a princess in a tower. It was not the silence of emptiness that lay about her, but the silence of enchantment, covering rich secrets. In her dread of conflict she had for years moved like one who goes on tiptoe and speaks in a whisper; and her new freedom—to shout and stamp if she so pleased—was intoxicating.

She wrote home once a week, telling what she was doing, ignoring the quarrel; and at last a letter came from her mother.

"I hope you are coming home for Mollie's birthday," Mrs. Hobart wrote. "It will look so odd if you do not. You need not stay over-night if it bores you too greatly. Bessie wants us to go there for dinner. I would rather stay at home—that big house of hers is always gloomy to me. But I will do what the rest of you want."

Olive winced, then stiffened her spirit and wrote in all pleasantness that she would come the day before. When the time arrived, she left her little place with a premonition of home-sickness, a wistful lingering in the doorway for a final look.

"But they can't keep me from coming back," she argued stoutly to a sudden fear. "I have a right to my own life. And they don't even want me." She straightened the cushions of her couch with a loving hand. "Day after to-morrow," she promised them. "Dear little own place, day after to-morrow, without fail."

It was curious to be at home again with this secret peace to stand on, this security of a promised retreat. Without that, Olive, the passionate defender, would have

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had a stormy first evening. Mrs. Hobart, bewildered at the situation, vented her discontent on public officials, personal friends and institutions until her daughter started from her chair in a primitive impulse to flight.

"Oh, of course; you want to go to your own room," Mrs. Hobart interrupted herself. "Forgive me for boring you, my dear. Mothers grow very tiresome, I know."

Olive sat down again. "It's only till Friday," she told herself.

Even at Cousin Bessie's, the next day, the thought persisted: "Tomorrow!" The little pain had been brought back sharply that morning by a glimpse of Louie Laidlaw going by adorned by a great bunch of violets. Anyone might have sent them to her; and no man could have shown himself more dear and welcoming than Jerome in his wide doorway; and still the wonder persisted. He had not marked her home-coming or the day in any way for her. She let a fine, intentional veil fall between herself and him, and longed resentfully to run away from these weary festivities.

Jerome walked off with her, after dinner, boldly, under the eyes of all.

"Come and talk with me for a while," he said, and led her to the library. Olive knelt before the fire, and he drew up a chair beside her; but he was, as usual, in no

hurry. When at last he spoke, it was something trivial, about the colour of her gown.

"You ought to wear a big, splashy red rose with it," he added, in his lazy fashion. Olive's resentment was very near the surface.

"No one sent me any," she said. He smiled, bending a little toward her.

"You don't know how hard it was not to!"

That startled a quick glance from her. "Not to?"



"Olive, I have come to refuse my consent"—p. 562.

Drawn by
H. G. 1901.

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"I didn't want to, with you. Don't you see why?"

She shook her head. "Tell me."

"Oh, it's all right enough to send girls flowers and things by way of—oh—paying your social debts; but when you want to marry one, that's different." He spoke as casually as though it were a subject of daily discussion between them. "I don't like buying her interest with gifts. That isn't my idea of—wooing."

Olive knelt breathlessly still, her face turned to the fire. "Just what is your idea?" she asked, her tone as casual.

"Why, to let her see me, all of me, good, bad, clever, stupid—day after day—let her see if I'm what she wants. If I am, then I can give her—oh—roses all the rest of her life."

"But how is she to—understand?" In spite of herself, Olive's voice faltered. Jerome's hand fell slowly, caressingly, on her shoulder.

"I think she does," he drawled.

Mollie and Oscar could not long be kept out, and the others followed, not dreaming what they broke in on. In the late afternoon, Jerome escorted them to their door, but refused to come in. Olive, looking back, saw him striding up the street. Jerome at last was hurrying.

She felt that the news would bring Cousin Bessie to her, and lingered in her own room, loath to show her precious new happiness to eyes that might miss its perfection. Sure enough, soon a strong step outside made her throw back her door. She would have run into Cousin Bessie's arms, but an uplifted hand checked her.

"You won't want to, child, when you've heard me," Cousin Bessie explained, closing the door after her. "Olive, I have come to refuse my consent." She was not joking; her gaunt face was grave. Olive could only shrink back, staring her frightened question. "I'm sorry," the older woman began presently; "but, my dear, you can't get on with your own family; you have failed in the one human relation you have tried—in a way, an easy one, for your family lets you shut your door, it doesn't make close demands. You have failed in that, and been satisfied with failure, and yet you propose to take up the most difficult relation on earth. I can't consent to it."

The judicial fairness, the impartiality of

the attack, wiped out Olive's distress. Simple truth would prevail. Her eagerness flamed up in her little pointed face as she came bravely to her defences.

"Ah, but you don't understand, Cousin Bessie! I've not told you things—one doesn't—but my family and I were never meant to live together. It's——"

"No one was meant to live together," was the vigorous interruption. "Some are more incompatible than others, and that is about all you can say. Good heavens, do you think Jerome is easy to live with? I assure you he isn't. He can be perfectly maddening. And he is used to dealing with someone who has the hide of a rhinoceros—me; how has that fitted him for little, raw, skinless you? You haven't learned the married woman's trade, which is to *get along*. Till you do, you can't have my son—not with my consent."

Olive burst out: "Sometimes it is right not to get on with people! There is no fairness in this house, no sympathy, no openness. If you knew——"

"Child didn't I live with your mother at boarding school for three years? You can't tell me anything. She's a born fighter, and she sees the bad with quite wonderful clearness. If she didn't stop at that—Well, can't you realise that the hospital committee and the Government will go on just the same, no matter what is said at 22 Elm Street? Let them all go, Olive—even Charlotte Brontë; make a burnt-offering of what you consider the truth and offer it up to the greater cause."

"The greater cause?"

"Successful affection, my dear. Why, Olive, your family doesn't even miss you. They resent your having gone, but they never just humanly want you. Never mind the rights of the case. Come back, make them glad of you, learn to sit with them relaxed and tranquil, and then I will give you my son. What do you say?"

Olive dropped her head into her hands. The rights that had stood by her so triumphantly were fading, shrinking away. She saw herself as very feeble and young, with half the weary business of growing up still before her. Slipping to her knees, she hid her face in the older woman's dress.

"You will show me how? You will remind me very often?" she pleaded.

IN OUR NEW PROTECTORATE



View from Summit of the Great
Pyramid of Cheops, looking East.

(Note the shadow cast by the Pyramid.)

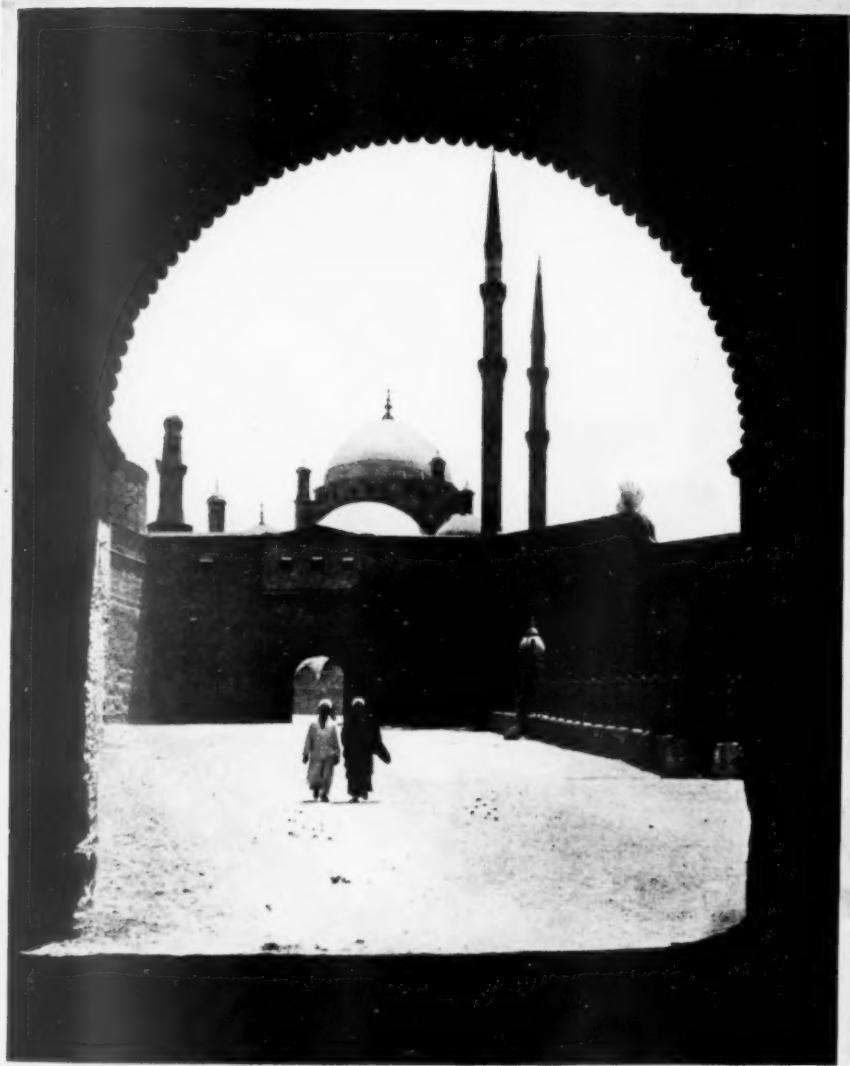
Photo :
D. McLeish.



A Temple Portal.

Photo: D. McLeish.

(This beautiful portal was erected by Euergetes I. in the year 240 B.C. at Karnak. At this period the power of Egypt abroad was at its zenith.)



Alabaster Mosque, Cairo.

Photo : O. McLeish.

(This beautiful alabaster Mosque on the Citadel Hill, with its lofty and graceful minarets, forms the chief landmark of Cairo.)



A Wagonload of Mischief.
(Egyptian women and children in a native cart.)

Photo : D. McLeish.



A Camel and his Driver at a Cairo Street Fountain
(This structure is the prettiest of its kind in the city.)

Photo : D. McLeish.

THE DUST OF LIFE

Serial Story by

JOSEPH HOCKING

CHAPTER XV

THE PLOT

"YES, I guess there'll be big doings and a lot of fortunes will be made. It'll mean the opening up of the country too. I hear some Britishers have put millions into it."

"Is it a British company, then?"

"Yes, it's a British company, but a lot of our men have got money in it. You'll find that in twenty years from now—yes, and less than twenty years—in ten years, cities will be springing up on the new railway like mushrooms. There's a vast tract of land untouched, and this railway will mean revolutionising this part of the world. My word, don't I wish I owned land along the route! I wish we could have done the thing for ourselves, though. I hate the thought of these English fellows grabbing everything."

"Well, we belong to the Old Country, you know."

"Hang the Old Country, I say! All the Old Country cares for us is to make money out of us! But there, we must try to get our pickings. I was lucky in getting a bit far up towards the great Slave Lake; but prices have gone up, and I am afraid it won't be worth so much to me. If five years ago I'd been wise enough to buy land two or three days west from here, I'd be a millionaire in no time."

"You are sure that the railway's a settled thing?"

"Absolutely sure, my dear man. Saw one of the lawyers yesterday. Why, they've begun work. Navvies are flocking to Battleford like mad."

Cedric's heart gave a leap as he heard the last words. He had just arrived in Winnipeg, and was sitting in the smoke-room of an hotel there. A number of Canadians were sitting around the room, and nearly all of them were discussing the new railway that was being opened up north-west of Winnipeg. At first he paid but little heed, as he thought it could have no interest to him, but presently he

began to connect what he heard with George Winchester's letter. If a new railway was going to pass near his land, he could understand its increase of value.

Almost instinctively he drew his chair nearer the two men whose words he had heard most plainly. But somehow he did not speak; why, he did not know, but he felt afraid.

"Four millions is a lot of money."

"Dollars or pounds?"

"Pounds. Oh, yes; it will be a big thing. I suppose the English company has had a very big backing—Rothschild's Bank, I'm told. But there's going to be some lawsuits."

"Lawsuits! Why?"

"There's going to be a lot of trouble in titles."

"Yes; I guess there's going to be. It'll be bloomin' hard, though. Fellows bought land years ago for wheat-growing, not thinking it was of any great value, especially as it was a goodish way from here and it was difficult to transport things. They wouldn't think it worth while to trouble much about lawyers, and it'll be easy for them to be robbed now."

"Oh, I trust the Canadian Government."

"Heard anything about this?" And one of the speakers nodded to Cedric.

"I've just come from England," replied Cedric, "and before that I had been in Africa for some time. No; I've heard nothing."

"Things are moving in this Dominion. Gossip has it that they're going to run a railway from Rossbill right on to the North Pacific Ocean, and that they're going to open up the great lakes of the North. But I guess that's too big. Anyhow, there's going to be several hundred miles started right away. I guess you don't happen to own any land round here?"

"I have a little," replied Cedric.

"Where?"

"Thirty miles north of New Montreal."

"Why, man, it'll cut right through that part. There should be a junction round there somewhere. They're opening up Lake

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Polar, and are running a branch line right up to the water's edge."

"How much land have you got?"

The young man gave the desired information.

"Your name's not Winchester, is it?"

"No," replied Cedric, his heart beating rapidly.

"Guess he's going to be a rich man—at least, he may be."

"May be? Why the 'may be'?"

"You heard us talking about titles just now? Well, I hear his title's to be fought. Some English lawyers say it isn't good, but I guess he don't care much. He's making a pile away in the goldfields. It's hard lines, all the same, but maybe his title is sound. What I hear, however, is that some English fellows lay claim to it. I tell you, there'll be a lot of work for lawyers over this job."

When Cedric went to his room that night he turned eagerly to George Winchester's letter again, also to the documents which he had enclosed with it. It seemed as though his good fortune were going to be fraught with difficulties; but as he examined his title deeds he could see no reason for trouble. Everything seemed to be straightforward and plain. The land had been sold to him and Winchester jointly. The money had all been paid. He had occupied it for three years, while Winchester's deed of transfer was clear and unmistakable.

"All the same, I'll find out the best lawyer in the town to-morrow," thought the young fellow. "It's just as well to make assurance doubly sure."

The following morning, while he was sitting at breakfast, a hand was laid on his shoulder.

"Essex, my dear fellow, this is indeed a surprise!"

"Offenheim! What in the world are you doing here?"

"Oh, I've got business here," laughed the other.

He was a young fellow about Cedric's age, and his face proclaimed the Semitic race. His hair was black and curly, his chin receded, and his nose suggested a beak. He had been at Rugchester with Cedric, but they had never in any way been friends. This was no wonder, for they had little or nothing in common. Cedric was a sportsman, and was great at every form of game; Offenheim scarcely

knew the difference between a golf-club and a hockey stick. Cedric was frank and open; Offenheim was secretive. Cedric was liberal and open-handed; while no one ever knew Offenheim to spend money when he could help doing so.

"I say, Essex; I was awfully grieved that you had to leave Rugchester under a cloud."

"Very good of you, I'm sure." And Cedric could not help remembering what Issy Granville had said to him years before when they were sitting on the Cornish cliffs.

"I forgot—you'd be interested in Canada," he said, as he drew a chair close to Cedric. "There are to be great doings here during the next few years. Have you put any money in this new railway?"

Cedric shook his head.

"That's my business here," went on Offenheim. "I'm here to represent my firm."

"What firm is that?"

"Didn't you know? I'm a lawyer, and a few weeks ago I was taken into partnership—Bluggen and Offenheim—at least, that's what it was; now it's Bluggen, Offenheim and Offenheim—I'm the 'and Offenheim.' We're among the biggest people in London, and we practically control this new railway—that is to say, we are the legal advisers."

Cedric was silent.

"By the way," he said presently, as though a new thought had struck him, "I'd forgotten all about it. But haven't you some land somewhere in Canada? You and Winchester bought some, didn't you?"

Cedric nodded.

"Look here, Canada is going to be a great country. Sell it, my dear fellow; sell it. You've got the deeds all right, of course?"

"I think so."

"Then it may be I could do something for you; and of course, you being an old pal at school, I'd go out of my way to make the best terms possible."

Cedric reflected a few seconds, and then seemed to make up his mind.

"Let's get away into the smoke-room," he said. "We can talk better there. I heard last night that this business was to be financed by Rothschilds, or somebody of that sort."

"No; Rothschilds haven't got their fingers in this pie."

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"Herefords—have they anything to do with it?"

"My dear man, Herefords are too small for us. Besides, I wouldn't touch Hereford."

"Why?"

"Oh, you were always great pals with Roger at school, I know; but I never liked him—cocky little snob! My word, they would have liked to come into this thing, I have no doubt!"

"Why, did they know of it?"

"They may have known in a general sort of way. I don't think so, however, because we kept it quiet; but I wouldn't touch Roger Hereford with a forty-foot pole! I haven't spoken to him for years. Don't be angry with me, Essex. I know you are great pals, but—there, I don't like him! I'm not at liberty to tell anything definite. In a few weeks, of course, everything'll come to light, but at present it's somewhat in the air. Did you tell me where your land was?"

"No," said Cedric, and then he described its position.

"The value of it'll be increased, there's no doubt," said Offenheim. "Not so much as some places, because—well—still, it may, it may. Look here, Essex, let me take the matter up. I know more about this than any other man, although perhaps I oughtn't to say so. Give me your papers, and I'll go into the thing right away."

"I'll think about it."

"You mean to say you won't?"

"I mean to say nothing at present," replied Cedric. "I've only just heard of this railway, and I want time to look around."

"Please yourself, of course, but you want someone who knows the ropes, I can tell you. There's going to be a lot of disappointments." And Offenheim did not look at all pleased. "I'll see you again this evening. I must be off now."

Cedric left the hotel in a very thoughtful mood. His interview with Offenheim had set him wondering greatly. "He wouldn't touch Roger with a forty-foot pole, eh?" And he felt indignant at the thought. "No wonder Roger always disliked him! Still, I must get to the bottom of this."

He made his way towards the office of the lawyer who had drawn up the deeds when he and Winchester had bought their land years before. Cedric had not been favourably impressed with him at the time,

but he knew of no one else to whom he could go.

"Certainly I remember you," said Mr. Starch, as he was shown into the office. "Yes, yes, sit right down. Things are humming in this Dominion. It's come upon us suddenly too. Of course there's been a talk about railways for years, and nobody took any notice; but now it's here, and land which was of practically no value twenty years ago will now be sold for big sums."

"Have you got a map of the proposed railway?"

"It's here, right here. You see, here we are at Winnipeg, and there's the proposed route, and there's the junction for Lake Polar."

"Why," said Cedric, "the junction is right on my land."

"Sure, so it is. Well, that should make it of all the more value. You'll be selling, I guess? But let me think. There's been nasty rumours about that land of yours."

"In what way?"

"Well, I remember saying to Winchester at the time that the title wasn't clear. And you've had it all the cheaper because of it."

"This is the first I've heard of it."

"Oh, nothing was thought of it at the time, because it was of no value. Whoever thought of the junction of a railway striking in there? But it was this way. You paid your money all right, and as far as you go your title is good, but then you didn't buy it from the Government. You got it from a man named Jackson, and I guess his title was none too sound. Of course, nothing may be said about it, but if I were you I'd sell while I could."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this," said Mr. Starch, and his small eyes twinkled; "*prima facie* those deeds of yours are sound, and if you offered your place for sale right now, you'd get a very fair price, but I guess the buyer might be in Queer Street. However, you'd be safe to sell, even if you had to take less. That's my advice."

"Do you mean," asked Cedric, "that you advise me to sell the land knowing that the title is shaky?"

"That's *why* I advised you to sell it," replied the lawyer. "You've got your money safe then."

"But what becomes of the man who buys?"

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"That'll be his look out, I guess," and Mr. Starch laughed, almost merrily.

"We'll dismiss that, if you please," said Cedric.

"You mean——?"

"I mean that it would be a dishonest thing."

"I guess you're a —— fool!" he said, prefacing the word with an expressive adjective.

"Possibly, but we won't consider that, anyhow."

"Anyway, you bring me the deeds, and I'll go into the question carefully, and then we can talk over the matter again."

Cedric had brought the deeds with him, but he did not say a word to Mr. Starch.

"Then I'll be seeing you again to-night?" said the lawyer, as Cedric left the office.

"Possibly, I'll think about it."

On his way downstairs he met Mr. Offenheim coming up. Both the young men instinctively stopped, and for a few seconds there was an awkward silence. Offenheim looked somewhat confused.

"Oh, you've been to see Starch, have you?" he said. "I didn't know you were acquainted with him."

"He was Winchester's lawyer when we bought the land," replied Cedric.

"Oh, I see. I don't know anything about him myself, but I've had instructions to call on him this morning. You see, men in my profession have to mix up with all sorts of curious people. I expect I shall be seeing you before the day's out."

Cedric walked away in a very thoughtful mood. Naturally he had been considering what Offenheim had said to him, and now to see him visiting Starch, the man who had acted for him and Winchester years before, was suggestive. Of course, it might mean nothing, but, remembering Offenheim's reputation at Rugchester, he was puzzled.

That same afternoon found him closeted with the oldest lawyer in Winnipeg. Mr. McMordie, as his name announced, was a Scotsman, a Presbyterian of the old school, and had "legality" writ large upon him. He was very precise in his dress, too. His broadcloth suit was scrupulously brushed, and his linen was immaculate. The same could not be said of Mr. Starch.

Mr. McMordie had listened quietly, but with great attention, while Cedric had stated his business, and then for some minutes he had sat trying, without any

great success, to balance his pen on the tip of his finger, without speaking.

"You'll be having the papers with you, I fancy?" he said.

Although he had come to Canada with his father while yet a boy, he still spoke with a strong Scotch accent.

"Yes, I have them here."

"Perhaps you'll be telling me again what this man Starch said to you, and maybe what the man Offenheim seemed to be troubling about?"

Cedric recalled, as far as he was able, every word the two men had spoken to him.

"And Offenheim told you that he was not acquainted with Starch, did he?"

"He certainly said so, but he seemed a little confused at the time."

"Ay, naturally, naturally. You say you knew Offenheim years ago?"

"Yes; we were at the same school. We always looked upon him as a Jew, although he strongly proclaimed that he had no Jewish blood in his veins. You see, we have a Jews' House at Rugchester, but Offenheim snubbed all the Jewish boys tremendously."

"Ay, he would," replied Mr. McMordie.

"And Starch told you that there was some doubt about your titles being good, eh?"

"Yes; he said that the man from whom we bought the land, Abel Jackson was his name, hadn't a good title, and that was where our weakness came in."

"Ay, he would," replied Mr. McMordie after a few seconds' silence. "And you say Mr. Winchester has made over all his rights to you?"

"I have his letter and the documents here."

"I'd better be examining them, I expect."

Cedric handed him a bundle of papers, which Mr. McMordie scanned closely.

"I see you have them arranged in proper order," he said complacently. "And I see, too, that the man Winchester is perfectly clear in the transfer of his property to you."

"Oh, yes, there's no doubt about that."

"This is going to be a big business, Mr. Essex."

"You mean the railway?"

"Yes; I mean the railway and the possibilities of that same railway being made through the country. There always are difficulties, of course, about private owner-



"I guess you don't happen to own any land round here?"—p. 567.

Drawn by
Harold Copping.

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ship of land when a railway has to be made, but not so many as in England. Here the land belongs in the main to the Government, and private owners are comparatively few, so there's not much legal work to do. Still, there is some. This man, Offenheim, is a fighting man, I expect?" And he looked at Cedric closely.

"Never in the open," replied Cedric. "As a boy he always skulked in the dark."

"Ay, but they're big people, Bluggen and Offenheim, at least, so I've heard. Trust a Jew where there's anything to be made. Not that I have anything to say against that," he added. A Scotsman's just as keen. You'll have made up your mind, I reckon."

"I've come to certain conclusions," replied Cedric.

"And they?"

"Well, you see this land of mine promises to be valuable."

The lawyer nodded.

"Mr. Starch says he told Winchester that the title was unsound when we bought the land. I was present at all the interviews and nothing was said about it in my hearing. It might seem as though there were a conspiracy between Offenheim and Starch to make me sell cheaply."

"Which you don't mean to do?"

"If my title is bad, I've no right to sell. If it's good, I mean to have full value."

The old lawyer's eyes twinkled.

"That's why I've come to you," continued Cedric. "After making careful inquiries this morning, I learnt that you were a man to be trusted. You've seen the deeds, you've seen Winchester's letter and the documents he sent with it, and I want your advice."

"You'll be knowing nothing about Starch, I expect?"

"Except what I saw of him this morning. That made me come to you."

"Mr. Essex," and the old lawyer's eyes twinkled again. "You are an English laddie, and have the English failings—that is, I should say you are given to speak a little freely. All the same, you have a glimmering of sense about you, and you have the eyes of a fighter."

"Yes; I'll fight right enough for my rights," said Cedric. "But I'll fight with clean hands. When I was at school, Mr. McMordie, we were said to have the best Rugby team of all the public schools in the country. There was one thing our captain

always insisted upon: 'Play the game, but play hard. Never give in, and never acknowledge defeat until the game's over.' I think that's my feeling now."

"Ay, but there's a streak of sense in that, too. Well, now you've told me what you think, you'll be wanting to know what I have in my mind?"

"Very much indeed," said Cedric.

"These deeds of yours are plain and straightforward as far as they go; but, man, it's easy to fake up a case, and I should fancy that Starch looks upon you as what they call a 'tenderfoot.'"

"What we call a 'greenhorn'—easy to be taken in," supplemented Cedric.

"That's why he's advised you to sell. Of course you'd have negotiations with someone else, but Starch would be the real buyer. About Offenheim I don't know so much, neither can I trace his real connection with this railway. He came to Winnipeg only a week ago, and, as I usually keep my ears open, I found out certain things about him which set me thinking. Let me tell you this. First of all, Mr. Essex, he does not represent the company which is running this railroad scheme, except in a back-stairs way. If you ask me, I should say he's over here on his own. Do you know of anyone, by the way, who would be likely to send him?"

"No; no one."

"Ay, well, I'll look into this matter very closely, and you will be hearing from me again."

"I want to be absolutely frank with you, Mr. McMordie. From what I can judge, this land of mine will be very valuable; all the same, I have no ready money—at any rate, not enough to engage in any lengthy lawsuit. If it comes to a fight, and I lose, I'm done for."

Again the Scotsman spent some time trying to balance his penholder on the tip of his finger.

"All the same," he said presently, "I'll ask you to call to-morrow afternoon about this time. Meanwhile, it may be that either Starch or this Jewy man will be seeking to approach you again. What attitude will you be taking now?"

"I'll try and discover what's in their minds," said Cedric, "without committing myself to anything."

"A very correct attitude, too," said the lawyer, with emphasis. "Good afternoon."

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" 'I see you have them arranged in proper order,' he said "—p. 670.

*Drawn by
Harold Cupples.*

As Cedric sat in the hotel smoke-room that night Offenheim again made his way towards him.

"Essex, old chap," he said, "that affair of yours promises to be difficult."

Cedric looked at him questioningly; there was no suggestion of pleasure in his eyes.

"Oh, I know you'll think it's no business of mine, but we were at the same school together, and I thought I'd do you a good turn if I could. So when you told me to-day that Starch had done your legal work at the time you bought the land, I made up my mind I'd pump him. As I told you, I knew nothing of him, but when my own business with him was over I just wormed my way into his confidence."

"Indeed?"

"This is the situation, old man: I believe your titles are sound, but Starch—well, he's got a lot of irons in the fire, and it will be to his interest to fight. I expect you've heard that he's a rather shady customer."

Cedric was silent.

"Oh, I know nothing definite against

him, but lawyers in these new countries, where money is made quickly, get to have different standards of honour from what we have in England. Anyhow, Starch needs to be dealt with by a man as clever as himself. If you won't sell through Starch, mind you, he means to fight your title. Do you see?"

"I hear."

"Well, I believe your title is good, and that you can beat him, but it'll mean a long-drawn-out business, and by the time Starch has finished with it I don't fancy there'll be much left for you. Now, I have a certain hold on him, and if you place the matter in my hands I believe he'll not fight, and I can do well for you. I wouldn't put myself to this trouble for everybody, Essex, but there you are."

"Awfully good of you, I'm sure."

"You accept, then?"

"I'll think about it."

Offenheim looked at the other closely. Evidently he was not quite sure of his man.

"You see," he went on, after a few

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seconds' silence, "I must do my best for my clients, and naturally, if you don't see your way to fail in with my suggestions, I might have to fight on the other side. You see my point?"

"Quite plainly. Your opinion, I take it, is that my title is good?"

"I couldn't give an authoritative opinion, of course, until you give me power to act for you, and place all the documents in my hands. But that was my impression after I'd sucked Starch's brains dry."

"I'll think about it and let you know," said Cedric.

Later on in the evening the young man went for a walk around the city. As he neared the street in which Mr. Starch's office was situated he noticed that Offenheim and Mr. Starch were walking along arm in arm, talking eagerly.

Later still, just as Cedric was on the point of going to bed, Offenheim approached him again.

"I hear you have placed your affairs in the hands of old McMordie," he said, and there was a snarl in his voice.

"Indeed? Who told you that?"

"I've a way of finding out things," was the reply. "Of course, you remember what I said to you?"

"Yes; I remember everything."

CHAPTER XVI

THE TRIAL

"YOU'LL have enjoyed your visit to the farm, I fancy?"

"I found it very interesting. You see, Winchester and I put up the house there with our own hands. On the whole, we spent three happy years there too."

"But the land has all gone to waste, I suppose?"

"Yes, the land has not been touched, but I found the house had been occupied. The railway men found it very useful."

Cedric was sitting in Mr. McMordie's office a fortnight after he had first met him, and anxiously scrutinised the lawyer's face, as if in wonder whether any new developments had taken place during his absence.

"It's plain to me," went on Cedric, "that Rugchester will be an important place in a few years' time."

"Rugchester?" queried Mr. McMordie.

"Yes. Winchester and I called the farm 'Rugchester' after our old school, and it

seems to be settled that when the railway is laid down it will be called 'Rugchester Junction.'"

The lawyer stroked his chin thoughtfully. "Both Starch and Offenheim have come out into the open more since you left," he remarked presently. "They make no secret of it that they are working together."

"They mean to fight, then?" said Cedric.

"Ay, there's no doubt about that. You see, that bit of land which you and your friend bought a few years ago has become one of the most important centres on the whole of the line. It'll mean that a town will spring up, and every inch of land will be valuable. Why, man, when my father came to Canada, land was bought for just a song, just a song—a pound an acre or so, and now some of it is sold for a thousand pounds an acre. I don't say yours will become as valuable as that, at least not for many years, but it will be worth sticking to."

"Are you sure that Offenheim and Starch mean to fight?"

"No possible doubt about it. It will be worth it to them. I shouldn't be surprised if they don't make further overtures to you to buy it at just a song, and if you still refuse they'll fight for it. Anyhow, they mean to have it."

"But how can they, if my title is good?"

"The worst of it is," replied Mr. McMordie, again resorting to his old habit of trying to balance a pen on the tip of his finger, "that land of yours has changed hands several times. You and Winchester bought it from Abel Jackson, Abel Jackson bought it from somebody else. Now, titles didn't matter much as late as five years ago. It was just prairie land, and no one would think of disputing another's rights. But now they'll fight every step of the way. Starch has a brain of the corkscrew order; he can twine himself anywhere. While Offenheim—you've told me what Offenheim is."

"But, surely, if we go to law the Government will not see me defrauded?"

"I'll not say the judges in Canada are not better than those in the United States. You know how far money will go there. But you remember those lines of Burns:

'But och, mankind is unco weak,
And rarely to be trusted.
It sell the wavering balance shakes,
It's seldom right adjusted.'

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I don't know if those are the exact words, but that's the meaning, and Starch can command a long purse. He's in with all the judges too."

"Do you mean to say, then, that Canadian judges will allow themselves to be bribed?"

"I say nothing of the sort, and I decline to have any such sentiments attributed to me. I'm only saying that human nature is human nature, make what you like of it. And I fancy it's the same in Canada as it is in the United States."

"And I have no long purse," said Cedric thoughtfully.

"But you've got a head on you."

The lawyer rose to his feet and walked slowly around the room. "It's just here," he said. "Both Starch and Offenheim have got their knife into you, and they mean to get their pickings out of that bit of countryside, which, five years ago, no one thought anything about. I reckon you were thought foolish for buying it, weren't you?"

"It was not looked upon as a good spec."

"They have three lines of attack," continued Mr. McMordie. "First, you left the land, both you and Winchester. Why did you leave it? According to both Starch and Offenheim, you didn't think your title sound, and as a consequence wouldn't spend any more money on the place."

"But they can never use that as an argument!"

Mr. McMordie smiled, as though he were somewhat saddened by Cedric's interjection.

"The second line of attack," he went on, "will be somewhat of a personal nature. I don't say it's sound from a legal standpoint, but trust them for bringing it in. It's whispered abroad already that Mr. Cedric Essex has had a somewhat shady career, that he left school because he was obliged to, and because his honesty was very seriously questioned. That'll not be evidence, you say, but it'll be dragged in."

"Is that spoken of?" asked Cedric, his eyes flashing.

"I've just told you. In the English law courts it mightn't be admitted, but, man, when a lawyer's got hold of the judges in the way Starch has——" And then he rubbed his chin again, as if that were his way of finishing a sentence.

"Then all Offenheim's talk about friendship was so much——"

"Didn't you tell me he was a Jew? But

those things will be regarded merely as side issues, brought in discreetly. They will be introduced under the heading of 'Probabilities,' little streams which add to the main current. And, of course, the third line of attack will be the unsoundness of the titles. Didn't Starch draw up these deeds himself?" said Mr. McMordie. "A far-seeing man is Starch. His handiwork is upon every line of it. George Winchester bought the land from Abel Jackson, but what was Abel Jackson's title? Abel Jackson bought it from Joel Bennetto, and then where are we? Is Abel Jackson alive? Who knows?"

For more than an hour they talked, Cedric growing more and more indignant, while Mr. McMordie became increasingly cautious.

"We can do no more at present," said the lawyer presently. "Everything's now in training. Starch claims that the true owner of the land has empowered him to look after his interests. Of course, this true owner can be called anything—Tom Jones, Bill Brown, Sandy McNab, or what you like. He's a bogey, set up for the purpose, and Starch will know how to deal with him. All the same, I'm wondering, wondering."

"What about?" asked Cedric.

"I'll tell you some time, but at present there are things I can't understand. Anyhow, you've placed the thing in my hands, and I'm going to fight it. I'm getting an old man, but I do love a fight, even yet."

"The thing that worries me," said Cedric, "is that if I lose I can't pay you."

"Ay, but I have the fun of fighting. Don't let that trouble your head, Mr. Essex. All you've to do is to sit by and watch events."

"When will the case come on, then?"

"It'll not be long. Starch and Offenheim are pushing it for all they're worth—say, a month or six weeks. But you just keep a still tongue and bide quiet."

The next day Cedric left Winnipeg without any seeming reason, and was absent for a considerable time. Where he had gone no one knew. Starch sent a messenger to Rugchester, but certainly he was not there, neither could they obtain any information concerning him.

"Mind you, he's not such a fool as you say, Offenheim. He may be one of those free and easy chaps, but his head is screwed on all right."

THE QUIVER



"Seems to me he had brains enough to see through you, anyhow."

Drawn by
Harold Copping.

"I tell you I have known him for years," said Offenheim. "He's just a big, strong fellow without brains. Great at football, if you like, good at cricket, made the record long jump for the school, and could win a mile race against all Canada, but brains—man, I have reckoned him up."

"Seems to me he had brains enough to see through you, anyhow."

"If he hadn't been a fool he'd have fallen in with my suggestion."

"Tell you, sonny, McMordie wouldn't fight if he weren't sure he had a strong case. It seems as though we've got most of the trump cards in our hands, but maybe he's keeping some up his sleeve that we know nothing about. Besides, you haven't been quite frank with me. It seems to me that you have a kind of personal spleen against Essex."

"He thrashed me once at Rugchester," said Offenheim. "And he always treated me as though I were a snarling cur, and I vowed I'd pay him out."

"Even if you lost money?"

"I've my own thoughts about that," replied Offenheim. "What I'm determined to do is to crush him. Whether he wins or whether he loses, by the time I've finished with him he'll be about as poor as Job."

"Even if you lose money in doing it?"

"Even if I lose

money in doing it," said Offenheim.

Mr. Starch looked at the other steadily. "Offenheim," he said, "you're a liar! You're a Jew, and no Jew ever born of woman will lose money for spite. Don't mistake me, he's willing to have his spite, but he'll have it on the cheap. However, there we are; you're making it worth my while, and if I can I'll fleece him."

THE DUST OF LIFE

The day before the case came on, Cedric suddenly appeared in the city again, and on the morning it opened sat by Mr. McMordie's side in the law court. It is not my purpose here to enter into the details of the trial, as it is of interest only in so far as it affected Cedric's future. Suffice it to say that Mr. McMordie, on Cedric's behalf, claimed that the land which had been bought some years before, and paid for, belonged to his client, that George Winchester had made over all his rights to Cedric, and that, therefore, no railway could be made without his being duly considered, while the land traced in the maps which were laid on the table belonged to his client to dispose of as he would.

Mr. Starch, on the other hand, while professing a great deal of sympathy with Mr. McMordie's statement, declared that he had to look after the interests of the true owner. He admitted that up to a very few years ago this tract of country had practically no value, and, as a consequence, no particular interest was taken in it. When he had drawn up the deeds for Mr. Winchester, he had plainly told him that the title was not clear, and that now, while this tract of country promised to be among the most valuable in Canada, his client, who had lately found out his rights, put in his claim. He declared that the man Bennetto was practically a squatter, and had laid claim to property which did not belong to him, property the true owner of which had, years before, gone to San Francisco and was supposed to be dead. He defied Mr. McMordie to produce a single scrap of paper showing that the man Bennetto had any legal right to a square foot of it, and said that if Mr. McMordie's client's claim were upheld, the son of the real owner would be robbed of a valuable heritage. He had been willing to come to terms with Mr. McMordie's client. He felt that in one sense he was unfortunate, and rather than that he should suffer, his (Starch's) client was prepared to pay him the amount he had foolishly and unwittingly given. This offer had been made to Mr. McMordie, but the offer had been refused; therefore he had no other alternative than to fight, and he appealed for nothing but justice.

As the trial went on, Mr. Starch brought witnesses to prove that the land had originally belonged to one Elijah Pogran, and that the son of Elijah Pogran was the real and lawful owner. The said Elijah

Pogran was also brought to give evidence, who swore that his father had on many occasions spoken of this property, and declared that he had been defrauded of it, but that he, Elijah Pogran, junior, being a poor and ignorant man, had not been able to take steps to possess what was rightly his own.

"My point is this," said Mr. Starch during the course of the trial. "It has been irrefutably proved that Mr. Elijah Pogran was at one time the recognised owner of this land; it has been stated that he made it over to Bennetto in payment of a debt, but if he did, there must be certain deeds, documents, and legal instruments proving this. Who is this man Bennetto? Where is he? What's become of him? Where are the documents? Abel Jackson got the land from Bennetto. He says he bought it. He would not buy it without the titles being proved. Where is Abel Jackson? I may be accused of doing Winchester and Essex an injustice in conveying the land to them and taking their money on behalf of Abel Jackson, but I plainly told them that although it was not probable anyone would contest their claim, that I was not at all sure, in the case of investigation, they would be able to maintain that they were the true owners. Winchester, however, who was then the leading man in buying this land, declared that he was perfectly satisfied. Now that the land has become valuable, however, we are obliged to go into the rights and wrongs of everything, and I maintain that there's not one jot or tittle of evidence that the man Bennetto had any right to sell that land to Jackson."

Of course, Mr. McMordie fought hard, and during the trial he plainly stated that Mr. Pogran was a lay figure set up for the occasion, and that he would never have been heard of but for the fact that some sort of semblance of reality must be introduced into the affair. This led to recriminations, and questions were asked as to why Cedric left Canada only a year before, and Mr. Starch also found occasion to besmirch Cedric's character by referring to the Rugchester affair.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I'm sorry to bring in this matter at all, but there is no doubt about it that this man Essex is not to be trusted." And then he dragged in the miserable story of Cedric's disgrace at Rugchester. It had no direct bearing upon the case in any way, but undoubtedly

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it seemed to affect judge and jury, and at the close of the first day of the trial everyone seemed to be of opinion that Cedric's character was of the shadiest nature, and that he had no real right to the land on which he and George Winchester had toiled through three long years.

Offenheim was in the court the whole time, although he took no part in the trial. Naturally Cedric watched him closely, and noted the look of satisfaction which rested upon his face as the evidence seemed to be telling in Starch's favour.

As they were leaving the court Cedric and Offenheim were brought close to each other.

"You don't know how sorry I am about this, Essex," said Offenheim. "I did my best for you, but you refused to accept my help, and I am obliged to do my best for my clients. It's a pity you should lose your money."

"Oh, I'm not in the slightest danger of losing it," replied Cedric.

"What, do you think you'll win?"

"Of course I shall!"

Offenheim laughed, but there was an uneasy tone in his voice.

"It was so good of you to instruct Starch to bring in the Rugchester examination scandal," said Cedric. "You claimed to be a friend of mine when we met here first. That was just the action of a friend!"

Offenheim winced. "When a man fights, he fights," he said.

"Yes; and, of course, you had your client to consider. But I should like to know who your client is? Starch has manufactured one and given him the name of Pogran. What's the name of yours?"

"Mr. Essex," said Offenheim, "I'm afraid you don't understand the position. I have no personal feeling in this matter at all, except one of sympathy with you. I am sorry you've been such a fool, and I would have helped you if I could, but you refused my help, and now I must look after the interests of those who employ me."

"And of your own!" laughed Cedric.

That night Cedric had a long interview with Mr. McMordie, who seemed, in spite of the fact that the case was apparently going against them, in a great good humour.

"Ay, man," said Mr. McMordie, "I did not think a laddie born south of the Tweed was so canny! You've a head on your shoulders, and no mistake."

"I'm afraid my head would have been no use without your money!" replied Cedric.

"I'm not over-given to boasting about myself," replied the Scotsman, "but, as I told you, I love a fight, and being a saving man I'm not without a few dollars, so—but there, I fancy Mr. Starch will have a little bit of a surprise to-morrow!"

On the following day the trial, which had caused a considerable amount of interest, was resumed in a crowded court. It was expected to close before noon, and when Mr. Starch made his last statement there seemed but little doubt which way it would turn. When he had finished, however, Mr. McMordie rose to his feet and claimed the attention of judge and jury.

"There's just one thing I would like to say at this stage of the procedure," remarked the old man quietly. "Yesterday, Mr. Starch, on behalf of his client, asked some very searching questions. He asked where the man Joel Bennetto was, where he lived; he also defied me to bring one jot or one tittle of evidence that Joel Bennetto ever bought the land or had any right to it. One might think," added Mr. McMordie, with a twinkle in his eye, "that Mr. Starch regarded Mr. Joel Bennetto as a figment of the imagination, conjured up by Mr. Abel Jackson. I would like Mr. Joel Bennetto to be placed in the witness-box."

Cedric, who had been watching keenly, saw Mr. Starch start, while Offenheim's face became livid with anger.

"I will admit," said Mr. McMordie, "that the deeds on which my client rests his claim are not so well drawn up as they might be, but doubtless Mr. Starch, who drew them up, had a purpose in adopting his own methods. The two young Englishmen who bought the land knew little or nothing about Canadian laws or customs, and Mr. Starch, thinking, perhaps, of an occasion like this, bore this in mind. Anyhow, we shall soon be able to answer Mr. Starch's questions, and we shall soon be able to prove that he not only knew of Mr. Bennetto's existence, but that he did his best to make it impossible for him to come here."

Half an hour later Cedric's claim was proved. Joel Bennetto became an invaluable witness, and was able to give documentary evidence proving that there could be no doubt whatever that he had the right to sell the land to Abel Jackson, and that Rugchester Farm was undoubtedly legally owned by the young Englishman.

THE DUST OF LIFE

When the verdict had been given Offen-heim rushed to Cedric's side. "I am afraid you will misunderstand this affair, Essex," he said.

"Oh, no, I understand it perfectly."

"I hope you don't think I have any unfriendly feelings towards you."

"I think we'd better say no more about it," replied Cedric. "Meanwhile, of course, I have to thank you for many things!"

"Well, we're beaten," said Starch to Offenheim as the two met at the former's office later in the day.

"I've not finished with him yet," said Offenheim.

Starch looked at the other questioningly. "Got other cards in your hand?" he asked.

"What do *you* think?" There was an ugly look on his face as he spoke. He seemed to be pondering deeply.

"During the years I've been here," went on Starch presently, "I've had a good many bouts with various people, and it's not been often that I have been beaten. I don't think I'd have been beaten now but for you."

"But for me?" snarled Offenheim.

"No, but for you. You kept on insisting that Essex was a fool, and so I never imagined he'd go off on the sly and find Joel Bennetto. I thought I'd got everything safe in that direction, and never dreamed he'd be so cute. But there it is, we're beaten. All the same, I generally come out top dog in the end, and I should like to now."

"I mean to, anyhow," said Offenheim. "He shall not call me a 'German Jew' for nothing."

"Offenheim," said Starch, "you've got something in the back of your mind which you are keeping to yourself. Out with it!"

"Look here," said the other. "He's got the land safe enough now."

"There's no doubt about that," interjected Starch.

"Is there any way you can get control of it?"

Starch shook his head. "McMordie is more than a match for me," he said. "And Essex has, of course, placed everything in his hands."

"You think Essex will have a lot of money?"

"A good deal. You see, the railway people will have to buy a big stretch of it, and as the junction is to be fixed up right on the very heart of his land, houses will spring up there. That means that he'll have a good deal of ready money and a good income afterwards. But for the moment I don't see how I can get my finger in the pie."

"You shall have it there, all the same," said Offenheim.

"Sure?"

"Yes, sure. I hold the ace of trumps even yet."

"Seems to me, though, that Essex is playing a 'No trump' hand," was Starch's rejoinder.

"No," said Offenheim presently. "He's going to play a trump hand."

"And what are the trumps to be?"

"Hearts," replied Offenheim. "Look here, you must let it be known in the town that I am going to San Francisco, and that I have business there that will keep me some time."

"But I guess you're not going there?"

"No. In ten days from now I shall be in London; but that's between ourselves. In the meanwhile, you hold yourself in readiness to manage Essex's property."

Starch looked at the other keenly. "Hearts are trumps," he said reflectively after a few minutes. "Is there a woman in it, then?"

"There's a woman in everything," replied Offenheim. "But I don't think she'll count much. Whenever I take a hand in anything I always hold myself in readiness for contingencies. I didn't think we'd be beaten in this; all the same, I made calculations for it."

"Trust a Jew for that!"

"I tell you I'm not a Jew; I'm an anglicised German. But that's nothing to do with it. I shall find you useful later, and you'll find it worth while to keep on the right side of me! And Essex, although he's top dog now, shall be under dog when I've worked out my plans."

"I guess you don't want to tell me any more?"

"Whatever I want, I shan't!"

That night Offenheim left for England.

[END OF CHAPTER SIXTEEN]





HOME CLEANING AND DYEING

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

IN last month's *QUIVER* my article dealt with suggestions for reducing the work of the house with a view to both economy and greater freedom from duties, which would enable the housewife to have more time for leisure and outdoor recreation during the summer months.

In this article I propose attacking a subject hitherto untouched in these columns, because I believe that in the straitened circumstances in which many of us have been plunged, some directions for simple home cleaning, and possibly dyeing, will be useful. Formerly when articles of personal apparel or household things were soiled they were made up into a bundle and dispatched to the professional cleaner's or dyer's. In the latter case the result was not always crowned with success, for even the most trustworthy firms have occasional failures in dyeing clothes, and at the best of times there was a fairly large bill to pay for the work done.

I would not advise an amateur to attempt to change the colour of curtains or clothing that, in the event of failure, it would be costly to replace, but such articles as faded children's frocks, unusable in their present condition, lace or net curtains originally white but now smoke-tinged and only requiring a "dip" to turn them a dainty *écru* shade, these are by no means beyond the powers of the intelligent housewife with no former experience of dyeing. Such women may also be glad to know how to home-clean their cretonne and chintz covers and other small household accessories. Before, however, entering into detailed instructions for either cleaning or dyeing, it

is necessary to touch on another and most important branch of the same subject, i.e. the removing of stains and greasy marks. These must always be eliminated before the serious work of either cleaning or dyeing commences, and different kinds of stains require different treatments for their removal. It is a very good plan to copy out a list of these instructions and fasten it in some convenient place, perhaps the nursery wall or at the back of the linen cupboard door, where information can immediately be found when some unfortunate accident occurs.

To Remove Fruit Juice Stains

Few children escape fruit juice stains on their summer frocks or pinafores, and the marks should be removed as quickly as possible. Many fruit stains become permanent when they are washed or boiled. Place the stained portion of the garment over a pie-dish, pour a little hot water over, then cover the mark with salt, and moisten this with lemon juice. Rub the salt into the fabric with the back of a wooden or bone spoon, and it will soon absorb the colouring matter from the material. If the stain has been overlooked more drastic measures will be required, but it is always better to try the simple remedies first, and chemicals should only be resorted to when these fail.

A home-made chloride of lime mixture is useful, and can be made as follows: Take $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. chloride of lime and mix it to a smooth paste with a little distilled water, then add more water, in all one quart. Pour into a bottle, cork, and shake well. Leave for several hours, shaking occasionally. Strain through three thicknesses of butter muslin,

HOME CLEANING AND DYEING

pour back into the bottle, stopper securely, and keep in a cool dark place. It is best to try the effect of the cleaning mixture on a bit of the garment that is not seen, or to use the first application diluted.

Ink Stains

Freshly acquired ink stains are quite easy to take out. Common salt and lemon juice are generally successful, and if no lemon is handy they can be rubbed with a piece of ripe tomato. Hot milk is also efficacious, and I was recently told that black ink stains will disappear if red ink is poured over them and the garment washed as soon as it is dry. Dry ink stains must be well wetted with boiling water, then covered with salt of sorrel, rubbed in with a bone spoon. The chemical must be thoroughly washed off the affected part with more hot water, then the garment rinsed in hot water to which some carbonate of soda has been added.

Paint Stains

When fresh, turpentine will remove these at once, but if the paint has hardened add a little ammonia to the turpentine. If the material is very delicate as regards colouring or texture, soften the paint with a few drops of oil and take out the stain with ether. A pad of linen should be placed under the stain whilst it is being treated, for this will absorb the paint. As the surface of the pad becomes discoloured it must be changed.

Iron-mould

It is very difficult, to keep garments that are constantly being washed from getting iron-moulded, but the unsightly marks will generally yield to salt of sorrel and steam. It must be always remembered that salt of sorrel is a deadly poison, and that is why it should be rubbed in with a bone or wooden spoon in preference to the fingers, the spoon being carefully washed and kept for this purpose only.

Green grass stains will disappear if rubbed with ether or benzine, then washed with soapy water, and tea and coffee stains should be laid over a basin and spread with powdered borax, after which boiling water is slowly poured through the material. If the tea stains have been neglected they should be moistened with glycerine, which dissolves the tannin, then washed in cool soapy water.

Grease Marks

Benzine, chloroform, ether, petrol, and in many cases the very simple remedy of hot soap and water, will take out grease marks. The last-named treatment should always be tried first. Spirits must be applied in a rotary fashion, for unless very skilfully used they will leave a ring that is almost as unsightly as the original blemish. Finely powdered French chalk or fuller's-earth will absorb many grease stains from light cloths and similar materials. The powder is spread fairly thickly over the stain and left for 24 hours before it is brushed off. Very persistent stains require the application of heat to melt the grease, and the old-fashioned remedy of a warm iron held over blotting-paper is by no means to be despised.

But to describe how every kind of stain can be removed would fill a small volume, and I have only been able to mention a few of the ordinary everyday marks that children manage to collect on their clothing. If in doubt how to treat a stain, go to the chemist, who can generally help one and also supply the wherewithal to get rid of the mark.

How to Clean Chintz

Put a pound of rice into a gallon of water and boil it until quite soft. Strain off a quart of the milky liquor, and add to it two tablespoonfuls of gum arabic. Put the rest of the liquor into the washing tub, and add the customary quantity of water. Shake and brush the chintz thoroughly, and plunge it into the tub. Use the rice instead of soap, and when clean rinse several times in tepid water, then "starch" in the prepared rice water. Iron before the material becomes too dry, and when ironing have a basin of water handy so that any part that has become too dry can be moistened. This is a recipe used by an old-fashioned country woman who is celebrated for her "chintzies" and who gets up loose covers, etc., for the large houses many miles away from her tiny cottage.

There are two kinds of professional cleaning, i.e. wet and dry. The former amounts to nothing more than very excellent washing (as in the case of chintz cleaning just described), and this is often more satisfactory than when garments, etc., are treated with spirits.

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Everyone knows that benzine, petrol, and such like "dry" cleaners are highly inflammable and dangerous, but there is no reason why a careful and responsible woman should not use these preparations for cleaning her gloves, fragile blouses, evening shoes, etc. Of course, the cleaning *must* be done in a room where there is no fire, artificial light, or heat of any kind. For preference a dry, bright day should be chosen, when the windows can be wide open to allow the fumes to escape, and the articles thoroughly aired before they are put away.

Many amateurs have told me that in fits of economy they have tried home-cleaning with but poor results, and in almost every case investigation has revealed the fact that the failures have been caused by insufficient quantity and wrong usage of the cleaning fluid used.

One friend showed me a pair of white kid gloves which plainly bore traces of amateur attempts. She explained to me that after putting on the gloves she had moistened a bit of linen with petrol, and rubbed this on the soiled places. She was rather horrified when I emptied the bottle of petrol into a basin and told her to put on the gloves and pretend she was washing her hands, but the result was quite different from her former attempt, and her economical mind set at ease when the petrol, minus the small amount that had evaporated, was poured back for further use.

Lace and ninon blouses should be well shaken, brushed, and searched for stains, and when these have been removed plunged into a jar filled with petrol or benzine. The jar must be tightly stoppered, and should be stood in the open air for 24 hours, being shaken several times during this interval. The garment is then taken out, rinsed in clean spirit, and dried in the open air.

Home Dyeing

When turning over the children's last summer frocks and suits it will probably be found that the warm sunshine has left its mark in the form of faded streaks and insipid colours. The garments are in good condition, but not worth the cost of sending them to be redipped by a professional dyer. If at all nervous as to the result of

home-dyeing, choose the frock that is most impossible in its present state and experiment on this.

It is safer to redip rather than to attempt to dye an entirely new colour, and one must remember that if the latter course is taken the new shade must be deeper and fuller than the original one. The dye can always be tested on a piece of material to see what the ultimate shade will be.

Several excellent home dyes can be purchased in 1d. packets. They are not very large, and two or three will be needed to dye a frock. The best receptacle to use is a large zinc tub or old fish-kettle, which can be placed on the kitchen range or gas stove, for dyes are far more lasting and satisfactory when *boiled* in, and not merely *soaked* in.

Having selected the dye, crush it to the finest powder with a hammer, put it into a jam-pot, and pour in enough boiling water to thoroughly dissolve it. Use a piece of stick for stirring. Pour the liquid into the tub or kettle, and dilute it to the required strength. Stand the bath on the range, and let the contents come slowly to the boil. Immerse the articles to be dyed, taking great care that every part becomes saturated with the coloured liquor. The garments must be lifted in and out of the liquor several times to make sure that there are no folds or creases in them. Boil gently for ten minutes, then lift the bath off the range or stove and let the clothes soak for another quarter of an hour. At the end of this time rinse them in two or three changes of cold water, then stitch tapes to the arm-holes or belts, and pin them to the clothes' line. The garments must not be mangled, but allowed to drip until they are dry. The damping down and ironing processes are exactly the same as when the garment is new, no extra precautions of any kind being necessary.

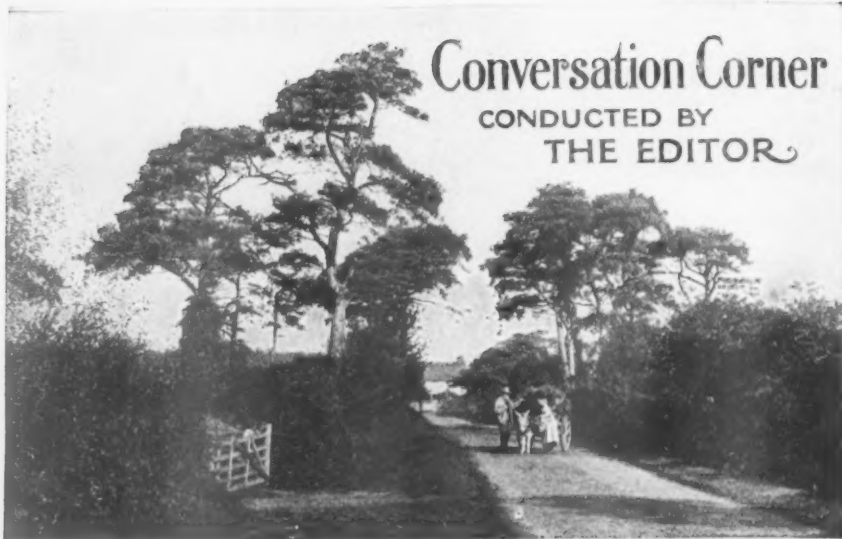
Sometimes a blending of two or more colours result in a beautiful and much more artistic shade than can be obtained by using the dyes as they are sold. I can safely promise my readers that home-dyeing is a very fascinating as well as profitable occupation, and if once they are "bitten" with this hobby they will have but little use for the professional dyer.



News of
the Day.

(By permission of the Autotype Fine Art Co., Ltd.)

After the picture
by C. E. Wilson.



Conversation Corner

CONDUCTED BY
THE EDITOR

The Home and the State

THERE is nothing inappropriate in devoting a whole issue to the subject of Home Life whilst this, the greatest of all wars, is being waged. The fact is that home life is vital to the well-being of the nation. It is the foundation on which the State is built. It would not be hard to prove that this British Empire of ours, now undergoing its fiery trial, owes its stability to the home life of its people, and its growth to the homing instinct of its pioneers and colonists.



Is Home Life Decaying?

ARE we, in this day and generation, threatened with the prospect of the decay of home life? Our readers will peruse the various contributions in this number, and find for themselves the answer to this vital question. Certainly times have changed. We picture the old home, say on the Yorkshire moors, or in some West Country village, with its almost feudal spirit of loyalty to its head, its ten or more children growing up in the one homestead, marrying and dwelling almost under its shade; we picture the old home industries of spinning and weaving, bread-making and poultry-rearing; we remember all this, and we are bound to confess that the suburban family,

with two or three children, changing homes, and even localities, every three years or so, is something far removed. Still he would be a pessimist who would predict that home life is bound to pass away, and it may be that the years to come will bring about some of the changes predicted by Mr. Stanhope Sprigg in his contribution to this number, and, with the changes, the old spirit of family life may be only the more firmly re-established.



The Ebb and Flow

MISS BARNARD brings up the ever-interesting question, "Is the Modern Child Spoilt?" It is difficult ever to dogmatise on the progress or otherwise in family life and discipline, because of the curious fact of the constant ebb and flow between the generations; by some whimsical provision of nature, or by the ordinary laws of the pendulum, it seems to be a fact that a generation noted for its easy-going family life is succeeded by one of Puritanical strictness. The high-thinking and austere fathers of the Commonwealth were but the prelude to the liberty-loving sons of the Monarchy. In our own times the strict and stern parental discipline of the Victorian era has been followed by the mildness and liberty of the present-day home; to be followed—who

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knows?—by a new era of rigour and straightness. Why one generation should almost inevitably want to do things differently from the last must be solved by the student of history or psychology; it is curious—but it makes one cautious of counting on gains or losses, for loss or gain may be but the extreme swing of the pendulum so soon to be reversed to the other end of the scale.



The Victorian Regime

THERE is much to be said for the strictness of the Victorian parental regime; in many cases it produced admirable results. But mere strictness as such has an uncomfortable knack of failing, and there can be no doubt that the present laxity in many homes is a reaction from and a protest against the excessive restrictions which the parents themselves experienced as children. One has only to read the record of the boyhood of King Edward VII. to realise that, excellent woman and mother as was the great Queen, even the best of theories may be applied to excess.



To Understand the Child

HOW much do we know about the child mind? I had the pleasure the other day of hearing Mr. A. C. Guthkelch, of the Polytechnic, lecture on "Henry James." The lecturer held that one of the tragedies of the world is the failure of the parent to understand the child, and that probably there is more constant misery through this than through any other cause. This he ascribed to two reasons. In the first place, the parent has his own ideas as to what the child is going to be. The fond mother pictures her little son as a clergyman-to-be: a dean, possibly; then later, even a bishop. . . . And the potential bishop chooses for his career—a professional footballer! Hence disappointment and trouble. In the second place, most people forget what it was like being a child. True, there remain in our minds isolated fragments of some unusual events, but slowly and surely the past becomes veiled from our eyes like the scroll of an ancient manuscript which is quite lost to view as it is rolled up by the reader.



A Literature of Childhood

HOW can the tragedy be lessened? Mr. Guthkelch suggested putting into black

and white all one's memories of the past. This has to be started early—perhaps it is impossible after twenty-five! If it could be done on an extensive scale it would create a literature of childhood that would make it easy for the unimaginative to understand the child mind. But it is no easy task. Try to write down not facts such as "I was born at the parish of St. Giles on Sept. 18, 1872," but give, faithfully and copiously, the exact memories that you retain of your early days. To do this properly requires a master hand, and it is this task that Henry James set before him. Read his "Reminiscences," and you will be let into the secrets of a child's heart. You will follow the author as he unrolls once again the scroll of his life; you will read with him the passages that stand out clearly in the text, and ponder with him over those parts that the hand of time has half obliterated.



The Burden of "Adulthood"

HOW many of my readers are likely to follow Henry James' excursion into the past? I can only ask that the effort be not forwarded to this office, for I still have the memory of the huge task of reading the "Life Stories" sent in for competition a year or two ago! But possibly the attempt to recall the dimly-outlined childish thoughts and feelings will serve the desired object—of rendering us more sympathetic and more understanding of the thoughts and feelings of the child in our midst. Mr. Hamilton Archibald has been touring the country for some years now, and the object of his mission has been to lessen the burden of "adulthood" in dealing with the young mind. The child is not a man on a smaller scale, and insistence on an adult standard, especially in the sphere of religion, has wrought untold harm on impressionable and sensitive childhood.



Education by Terrorism

INSTANCES of this sort of thing continually come to light. A highly sensitive child, of unusual conscientiousness, was told by her parents that if she did not pray for forgiveness after being wicked she would go to hell. Thereupon life became a burden to the child of a literal mind. The least act of "wickedness" had to be prayed about instantly: prayer, to be effectual,

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could only be performed with folded hands, and a dozen times a day the little hands were secretly folded, and the hasty prayer offered to the All-vengeful One. Of course, this life of terrorism went on all unknowing to the good parents, who, zealous for orthodoxy, had not the slightest idea of the workings of a child's mind. A child is naturally religious, and a child's religion is one of the most beautiful things in the world. Many, like the writer, will look back with undying gratitude to the early ideas of God and religion as suggested by a parent with imaginative insight into the child heart. But there are men and women to-day who simply cannot be appealed to upon ordinary religious grounds, because, with the best intentions in the world, their parents, good religious people, insisted upon forcing an "adult" religion upon a child's mind.



King George Number

JUNE, 1915, will mark three stirring anniversaries. In the first place, on June 3, King George attains his Jubilee; then, on the 18th, we celebrate the centenary

of the battle of Waterloo, and, finally, we have the seven hundredth anniversary of the signing of Magna Charta. I intend making our next issue a "King George Number," with articles and stories appropriate to these three events. Mr. A. C. Benson is writing "What the King stands for"; Mr. E. G. Harmer, "King George as he is"; Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey is contributing a story of the King and the war; Mr. Frank Elias writes on "Magna Charta"; and there are articles on "The Character of Napoleon" and "Waterloo and To-day: Comparisons and Contrasts." Other important features will help to make this a "special" number in the best sense. As I am starting a new serial in this present number I shall be glad if readers will make both this and the June number known to their friends; although we are giving the full number of pages we are still feeling the burden of the war, and I shall be grateful for all the help readers can give to keep the circulation of THE QUIVER healthy during these trying times.

The Editor



MOTHERHOOD

By EMMA A. E. LENTE

SHE sewed on dainty little clothes
One happy yesterday,
Each stitch was set with loving care,
Each thought was mingled praise and prayer
That joyful yesterday,—
O little, precious, dainty clothes
Folded so smooth away,
This sorrowful to-day!

She had such dreams of coming bliss,
That wistful yesterday,
And even crooned soft lullabies,
As if a baby tender-wise
Within her glad arms lay—
But, oh, in what a lonely bed
The baby lies to-day,
This pitiful to-day!

And yet she would not blot it out—
That strange, sweet yesterday,

Though all unworn the little clothes,
She knows what every mother knows,
The crown of motherhood she wears,
The grief of motherhood she bears,
The height and depth of love and loss,
She measures all, to-day,
This weariful to-day!

But, somewhere, safe, that child-soul waits
The swinging of the white pearl gates
Where mothers enter, and forget
That once their eyes with tears were wet,
That once in a far yesterday,
A piteous yesterday,
They saw their brightest hopes depart,
And felt the breaking of the heart,—
O happy Heaven, that will repay
The hurt and loss of yesterday,
The grief of yesterday.

"A SCRAP OF PAPER"

Was Hilda Jefferson Justified? Readers' Opinions

OVER two hundred letters have been received commenting on the story "A Scrap of Paper" in the February issue. Of these, 123 express more or less unqualified approval of Hilda Jefferson's action, while the remaining 79 are more or less strongly against.

The Prize of One Guinea has been awarded to MRS. H. E. GRAY, Furze Croft, Nacton Road, Ipswich, who has put her comments in the form of a letter to Mrs. Alec Faber, purporting to be written by an old school-friend of hers—Molly McNair.

As an additional prize, I have sent a cheque for Half a Guinea to Miss Mildred F. Porter, 5 Normandy Avenue, Barnet, for a very good and reasonable letter stating the other side of the case.

The following are, of course, only a few specimens of those sent in :

The Prize Letter

A LETTER TO MRS. ALEC FABER FROM HER SCHOOL-FRIEND, MISS MOLLY MCNAIR

DEAREST HILDA,—Your letter, with its astounding news that you have suddenly got married, has just reached me, and I must write at once, for, as you can guess, I am awfully excited, and, I must own, a bit upset too, at your news! We promised at school that we would have no secrets from each other, and I am very glad, dear old girl, that you have told me all about this extraordinary marriage.

Well, you are up to date! What would our grandmothers have said to such conduct as yours? Imagine such a thing in June, 1815, on the eve of the battle of Waterloo! And yet, though such things are not recorded in history, or, as far as I can recall, in any novels about that period—do you really believe no girl ever "took the bull by the horns" in those dear old days, and told the man who loved her that he had better marry her right away to save suffering and heart-ache? I don't believe it! However this may be, you have done so, Hilda, and a jolly plucky girl you are, as you always have been, ever since I first knew you as a lanky "kid" in the third form at St. Anne's Priory School. I couldn't have done as you did, that's certain! I should never have made the sudden, swift decision. I should have argued with myself from all points till it was too late to act, and then have been filled with regrets. You staked your all on a single throw, but you won the trick! All the same, I shall chaff Captain Faber (or "Alec," of course, I shall call him!) when I see him, for you know you placed him in a fine predicament. He was obliged to accept your offer, willy-nilly. Shan't I tease him, when I see him, on this subject!

I should like to know your sweet old friend Miss Benton. From your account of her, she is a proof that elderly people need not be narrow-minded, and that the laws of Mrs. Grundy are sometimes set at defiance even by the most reserved and gentle

natures. Extraordinary circumstances call forth extraordinary actions. In this instance you were urged by your heart's earnest promptings to break through the fetters of convention, and it would have been moral cowardice had you refused.

All the same, I need hardly tell you that I should not advise all my girl friends to propose to their men-kind, nor to carry special licences in their pockets in case of an emergency! But then, all are not wise and reliable as you are, Hilda darling! All are not possessed of a clear, logical brain! That makes a vast difference to what you may do and what they may do!

I must be bringing this long letter to a close. You know, dear girl, you have my heartiest good wishes for your happiness. I pray that you and your husband may be spared to each other during a long life. But—and there's a terrible "but," caused by this awful war. . . . Yes! Yes! my heart tells me you have done right, for if he is not spared to you—should be killed in action—how thankful you will be that you broke through conventions in order that he might be up-borne in the hour of agony by the thought of your love! And should you be bereaved, what consolation to you that you bear his honoured name!

With best love, always your true friend,
MOLLY MCNAIR.

Loch Aber, N.B., Sept. 20, 1914.

P.S.—How Browning approves you! You remember *The Statue and the Bust* :

"Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's prize—be it what it will."

The Other Side

The story "A Scrap of Paper" does not, to my mind, seem very convincing. The opening chapter, dealing with the leave-taking between Captain Faber and Hilda, makes the farewell so final on his side, and is so free from noticeable emotion, that it certainly gives the impression that he has no thought of binding Hilda by even an engagement, much less marriage. Hilda is most definitely thanked for her "friendship," and the Captain gives her no real ground for pursuing him. She has, of course, her intuitions, and it is obvious that she had expected an avowal of love by the gate in the moonlight.

The interference of a third party, however well meaning, is, in my opinion, quite misguided—her advice was not sought, and Hilda did not make a confidante of her. On the contrary, she assumes a good deal of intimate knowledge of the girl's feelings on very slight evidence, and because she has made a mess of her own love affair (which cannot have been a parallel case) seems no reason for urging Hilda to a course of conduct which might have placed her in a most awkward predicament.

That the story ends happily is, one feels, due rather to art than human nature, for few men would care to enter a trap so secure as that prepared by Hilda.

There are legitimate ways for a girl to show that she cares for a man before he makes an avowal of love, but the action of the heroine here lies quite outside these methods: indeed, her attitude does not seem in keeping with the sincerity of the thoughts to which Hilda gives utterance in the early part of the story.

Love is accounted responsible for strange actions, but the truest and highest natures learn to wait

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patiently for the good gifts of life rather than to seek aggressively for their own material happiness.

Hilda should surely have possessed her soul in patience, and if the Captain came home safely, probably his strenuous experiences would have modified his idea of the value of wealth so much that the difference in their relative positions would be of little account, but true and tried love would outweigh all else.

MILDRED F. PORTER.

Why not?

Why should any special pleading be necessary? Is there any good reason why women should not have the recognised right of proposing? You say perhaps that the right of proposing should be restricted to men because they have to bear generally the financial burden of the home. It must, however, be remembered that the wife is most frequently head of the spending department, and in that capacity bears a large portion of the financial burden, and the responsibility for the happiness of the home certainly depends quite as much on the woman as the man. I fancy I hear you next protesting that there are so many women as compared with men. This is no argument for the present practice, but the reverse. The men being in a minority, each marriageable man ought to marry, and if he does not himself find a partner, it should be open to the ladies to assist him. But it is so unwomanly, you will say. I have heard that kind of protest before. It was used against women playing outdoor games, cycling, motoring, being doctors and army nurses, and others engaging in other useful and honourable occupations, and I venture to predict that ere long it will be considered as womanly to make an offer of marriage as to accept one; the artful, underhand means now so often adopted by so-called womanly women to obtain offers of marriage do not appear to me to add to the dignity of womanhood. We must hope for a few more Hilda Jeffersons.

A. K. TURNER.

Uncompromising

Hilda Jefferson loses all the modesty and dignity which belong to true womanhood in the action she took. I consider she should have suffered rather than lay her heart at Captain Faber's feet.

(Miss) M. L. EVANS.

Why the Licence?

To Hilda Jefferson's unconventional action, I accord, with one reservation, complete approval. Was it necessary to provide herself with the licence? Having assured the young man of her love and her willingness to become his wife before he left, is it not reasonable to suppose that he would, somehow or other, have accomplished the desired end without loss of time, and beat all records in the speed with which he procured both ring and licence?

J. B. A.

(Several other correspondents have taken the same line in regard to the licence.—ED.).

Supposing—

In the story "A Scrap of Paper," I cannot feel that Hilda Jefferson acted either wisely or rightly.

It was probably evident that Captain Faber loved her; but she had no definite proof that the reasons for which he refrained from proposing to her were such as she interpreted.

In the story she happened to be correct in her surmise; but it was just as likely that there might have been some strong reason which would have made marriage impossible. Supposing, for instance, Captain Faber had been a married man who was separated from his wife. Under the impulse of infatuation

he had acted more lovingly than he meant to, but had managed to remember himself in time and to refrain from acting wrongly. What would Hilda have done then, when she came to him with the special licence? Or there might have been cases of insanity in the family, and he knew himself wrong to marry. There was nothing to show it was not one of these or some other such reason.

EDITH M. ALLSWORTH.

Buy the Ring too

I am sure all your girl readers will sympathise with Hilda, as I certainly do myself, for I should have gone one further, and bought the ring too, if I had been in her place.

For surely a woman must know much better who would be the best husband for herself, and father of her children, than a man would. So it seems more sensible for the girl to propose; in fact, it probably would become the custom, but for the miserable money question which dodges our steps at all corners, and so makes material things triumph over the spiritual, far too often. (Alack, I am inadvertently raising the old question of the economic relation of the sexes.) But since Hilda was rich, she fortunately was not handicapped by this consideration, and she, of course, was forced into her straightforward behaviour to her lover, since she knew it was the last chance she might have of seeing him again.

F. H. ORMEROD.

If he had Refused!

I can't understand how any girl could make herself so cheap as Miss Jefferson did. Supposing he had not loved her, or not enough to make her his wife, whatever could he have done? And whatever would she have done? It's unthinkable! Her reasons for thinking he loved her were too slight to justify her acting so boldly: her own feelings—and how unreliable are they—and her friend's advice!

MURIEL A. BAKER.

A Royal Precedent

I think Hilda Jefferson, having the honourable precedent of our late Majesty Queen Victoria, acted quite within her womanly rights under the circumstances.

ELSIE MACKINTOSH.

Rather Die an Old Maid

Certainly I do not think Hilda was justified in her action. Personally, I would much rather die an old maid than be the wife of a man I had to ask to marry me.

(Miss) CONSTANCE L. CRISP.

Suffer in Silence

According to my way of thinking, Hilda Jefferson did not act up to the highest ideal of true womanhood. A true woman, in my opinion, wishes to be wooed and won by the man she loves, and who loves her, and the seeking should come from him alone, and not from her. If the man to whom she has given her heart should leave her in silence, without any spoken word to show his feelings towards her, she must call her pride to her aid, and suffer in silence, as so many women have done, even though by his attitude towards her he should have led her to believe that he cared for her.

What true woman in after years would care to remember that it was she who took the initiative and practically proposed to her husband?

Many a man, after knowing a girl for some time—it may even have been a fairly long period—has discovered something in her character or disposition which is in direct opposition to his own, and he has felt that this union, which he has been contemplating, could not possibly be a happy one unless they were in perfect sympathy one with the other. In such a case the man can do nothing but retire honourably—

"A SCRAP OF PAPER"

that is, without having spoken to the girl of the subject which had been so near his heart. If, then, the girl imagined or believed that his diffidence was due to his being in an inferior position to her own, and took matters into her own hands as Hilda Jefferson did, it would be exceedingly awkward and uncomfortable for the man, as explanations are not always satisfactory.

Certainly, in her case, events proved that she acted in the best way for her happiness, but, to my mind, a man who will let money or war or anything else come between him and the girl he truly loves is a poor weak creature. There is no honour in leaving a girl to suffer, as suffer she must if he leaves her without a word, after winning her affection.

I may be old-fashioned, but for me, the lover who wins his lady-love for himself!

(MISS) M. PETERS.

A Happy Hit, Merely

I hardly think Hilda was justified in her confident assurance of Captain Faber's devotion. A man may compliment a girl friend upon her intellectual insight, he may be caught frankly admiring her beauty, he may feel himself moved by a passing wave of tender emotion, and his chivalry may be stirred by her need of protection, and yet he may lack the all-round passion of love. Some women are too prone to believe their men friends in love with them; they may think they *ought* to be, but that is another question. Hilda made a happy hit, but would another woman care to take the risk?

BEATRICE CLELAND.

Use an Intermediary?

While I think, under the circumstances, Hilda Jefferson was quite justified in allowing her lover to know how she felt towards him, believing, as she did, he cared for her, I think if she had let her friend, Miss Benton, give him an idea of her feeling for him, it would have been a great deal better.

MAUD B. RILEY.

A Case from Longfellow

Longfellow, in his "Tales of a Wayside Inn," tells us of one who preceded and anticipated in a somewhat different fashion the action of Hilda Jefferson in proposing to her bashful admirer. I give it in the poet's words:

"Then it came to pass, one pleasant morning, that slowly

Up the road there came a cavalcade, as of pilgrims.
Men and women, wending their way to the Quarterly Meeting

In the neighbouring town; and with them came riding John Estaugh.

At Elizabeth's door they stopped to rest, and alighting
Tasted the currant wine, and the bread of rye, and the honey

Brought from the hives, that stood by the sunny wall of the garden;

Then remounted their horses, refreshed, and continued their journey,

And Elizabeth with them, and Joseph, and Hannah the housemaid.

But as they started, Elizabeth lingered awhile, and leaning

Over her horse's neck, in a whisper said to John Estaugh:

'Tarry awhile behind, for I have something to tell thee,

Not to be spoken lightly, nor in the presence of others; them it concerneth not, only thee and me it concerneth.'

And they rode slowly along through the woods, conversing together.

It was a pleasure to breathe the fragrant air of the forest;

It was a pleasure to live on that bright and happy May morning!

Then Elizabeth said, though still with a certain reluctance,

As if impelled to reveal a secret she fain would have guarded:

'I will no longer conceal what is laid upon me to tell thee;

I have received from the Lord a charge to love thee, John Estaugh.'

And John Estaugh made answer, surprised by the words she had spoken:

'Pleasant to me are thy converse, thy ways, thy meekness of spirit;

Pleasant thy frankness of speech, and thy soul's immaculate whiteness,

Love without dissimulation, a holy and inward adorning.

But I have yet no light to lead me, no voice to direct me.

When the Lord's work is done, and the toil and the labour completed

He hath appointed to me, I will gather into the stillness

Of my own heart awhile, and listen and wait for His guidance.'

Then Elizabeth said, not troubled nor wounded in spirit,

'So it is best, John Estaugh. We will not speak of it further.

It hath been laid upon me to tell thee this, for tomorrow

Thou art going away, across the sea, and I know not

When I shall see thee more; but if the Lord hath decreed it,

Thou wilt return again to seek me here and to find me.'

And they rode onward in silence, and entered the town with the others.

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,

Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;

So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another, Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.

* * * * *

"Meanwhile John Estaugh departed across the sea, and departing

Carried hid in his heart a secret sacred and precious,

Filling its chambers with fragrance, and seeming to him in its sweetness

Mary's ointment of spikenard, that filled all the house with its odour.

O lost days of delight, that are wasted in doubting and waiting!

O lost hours and days in which we might have been happy!

But the light shone at last, and guided his wavering footsteps,

And at last came the voice, imperative, questionless certain.

Then John Estaugh came back o'er the sea for the gift that was offered,

Better than houses and lands, the gift of a woman's affection.

And on the first day that followed, he rose in the Silent Assembly,

Holding in his strong hand a hand that trembled a little.

Promising to be kind and true and faithful in all things.

Such were the marriage rites of John and Elizabeth Estaugh."

J. MILBURN

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY

A Talk for the Times

By A. B. COOPER

MY little girl has home-lessons to do. Sometimes she faces them quite cheerfully, works steadily through them one at a time, and gets them finished and off her hands. But I have known her suddenly lay down her pen and exclaim: "Oh, dear! I have my algebra to do yet, and after that some analysis and parsing, and then to look over my French, and then to draw a sketch-map of Kamchatka, and then—and then——" Oh, foolish child! She is taking all her steps at once in her mind. She is meeting all her troubles half-way, and more. She is climbing every stile before she comes to it. And it spoils her best temper and discourages her dreadfully.

First Place to the Hardest

When she is in this sort of mood I talk to her like this: "Which is the hardest of your lessons to you? Algebra? Well, do that first. Never postpone the hard tasks for the easy ones. Then when you have finished your algebra it will be a positive pleasure to turn to the other lessons; you will feel such a sense of relief. And even this dreadful algebra only consists of a letter or a figure at a time; and I am here, close at hand, to help you when you are really at a standstill and cannot help yourself."

I am very fond of long walks as a rule, but one's fitness varies, and sometimes the weather is very hot, and the way grows long and one begins to think of the distance ahead instead of the step one is taking and one's immediate surroundings. I remember setting out to walk twenty miles, but when I had walked about eight I sat down on a stile and began to calculate how many steps I should have to take to complete the other twelve! I was appalled at the number—well over twenty thousand—but I got up with an effort and made up my mind to face this dreadful task.

Presently I found myself counting my steps and all the time comparing my meagre progress with the awful sum of steps I had still to take. Birds singing? Oh, yes, they

were singing as if they would burst their little throats for very joy. Sun shining? Oh, yes, it was shining gloriously from a cloud-flecked sky. And the spring buds were bursting, and the primrose and the violet and the anemone were starring the hedge-rows; but I did not see these things. I was counting my steps and thinking about the awful number I still had to count, and, alas, to walk. I had discouraged myself by thinking about all my steps at once, instead of being happily content to take one at once, merrily and blithely, instead of looking outside myself to the beauties of Nature and taking with thankfulness God's present gift of joy.

"Be not Anxious"

It is one of the commonest and shallowest criticisms of the teaching of our Divine Master that He not only countenanced but actually encouraged the spirit of *laissez-faire*. Of course, He did no such thing. Both by example and by precept He gave the lie to that slander. But He knew, as no dweller on this seemingly lonely planet had ever known before, the secret of the universe, which is: GOD IS LOVE. He knew that that love could not err, could not be unkind, could not fail, was never out of reach of the stretched hand of faith. He knew this. So He said: "Be not anxious about to-morrow. Your heavenly Father knows what you need, and He will not fail you, if you will but trust Him." That is not *laissez-faire*. That is sublime faith, which removes mountains of worry and whole ranges of cares and troubles about what is going to happen to-morrow, and next week, and next year, on and on to the far horizons of life. "Oh, ye of little faith!"

Jesus Christ never discouraged plans, aims, ideals. He himself had one to which He ceaselessly moved. "I have a baptism to be baptised with, and how am I straitened until it be accomplished." He *knew* it was coming. Yet how serenely He moved through His appointed days. With what splendid calm He made his daily journeys,

SUFFICIENT UNTO THE DAY

healing the sick, opening the eyes of the blind, unstopping deaf ears, even raising the dead, only very occasionally referring to that great to-morrow when He was destined to be "led as a lamb to the slaughter," and to bear in His own body the sins of the whole world. That was not *laissez-faire*; it was sublime trust in the unfailing Fatherhood of God, and in the ultimate triumph of good over ill, of love over hatred, of sacrifice over selfishness, of heaven over hell.

By all means have your plans well laid. Leave no stone unturned the turning of which will help to bring those plans to pass. Have your ambitions too, and let them be lofty. Aim to touch the very stars with your crown if you like. You can hardly aim too high. But do not burden your heart and mind with all the possible trouble and toil, all the obstacles and hindrances, all the rain and frost and hail and snow you may have to face on your journey to reach the goal of your ambition. There is all the difference in the world betwixt foresight and foreboding. Do not burden yourself with to-morrow's load. To-day's load is sufficient, and God has promised to help you to bear it, nay, verily to carry it for you. But there is no such promise for to-morrow's burden until to-morrow comes. That would mean the negation of faith.

Patience, the Master-BUILDER

Did it ever strike you that Patience is a good master-builder? It is the day's work patiently performed which builds up the fabric of life, the structure of vast achievement. Patience says: "Brick by brick the building rises." It is only the fabled palaces of fancy which are built in a night, and they are only dream buildings after all, unsubstantial as the moonbeam. The hill of success is steep and rugged, and

God gives only one man in a million the wings of genius wherewith to fly to the top. Most of us have to climb by slow, laborious steps. But if we arrive! Ah, it is the arriving which matters. Really, I think one of Longfellow's simplest and best-known stanzas puts the whole thing in a nutshell, as many a more stately measure has failed to do:

"Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes,
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close,
Something attempted, something done
Has earned a night's repose."

And the poet takes care to reveal the fact that the Village Blacksmith was a Christian man. He had learned his lesson of patient continuance in well-doing, each day, every day, all day, from the Master. To-morrow he left in the hands of Him who loved him with such an everlasting and all-embracing love "that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

The Ozone of Love

Think of worry and a promise like that in conjunction! It is like a disease germ trying to live in pure ozone. If God so loves, if the future is so bright with His presence and joy, if nothing can separate us from that Love, if all things work together for good, if God makes even men's wrath to praise Him, then should not such a love and care and certainty of ultimate and eternal satisfaction cast out fear? If it does not there is something a little out of gear with our faith, and we ought to strive to bring ourselves, by prayer and the intelligent and earnest study of God's Word, to the standpoint of Jesus Christ, whose trust in His Father was perfect because His faith was unclouded.



The COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

Conducted by ALISON



NOT TO

"By Love Serve One Another"

*How, When and
Where Corner,
May, 1915*

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.—Are you not all very pleased to have this charming photo of VIOLET? It comes fittingly for our Corner to-day, as Violet was our May maiden a few years ago. Here are three small items of news which I will pass on before we go through our month's letters.

They all come from Canada—from the Barnardo authorities there.

We are to have a new photograph of DAVID as soon as possible. The news concerning him is:

"He is a nice, bright, well-behaved boy, and comfortably settled in the family of a respectable farmer in one of the best agricultural districts of Ontario. David has plenty of intelligence, and bids fair to make a success of himself in this great country. The people with whom he is living are well-to-do, prosperous farmers, and Christian people of high character and greatly esteemed in the community."

That—very briefly, it is true—replies to some of the questions we have been asking. I am writing to David, and hope we may receive a letter from him before very long.

It is a particular joy to those of us who have been working for this boy of ours to know that all is so well with him.

Then comes this tiny note about VIOLET and LENA:

"Violet is getting along particularly well at school, and making good progress. Lena also is doing well, and her name appeared in the local paper as having made a good standing in her class in the recent examinations."

A new photograph of Lena is also promised, and I think we may

look forward now to more frequent tidings of our girls.

Now, I think, I hear a buzz of content from our shareholders and friends, so we will go on to other matters, feeling all this cheering news must make us more strenuous and hopeful in the work for these children for whom we have undertaken so much responsibility.

I think we must open our circle to the new members whose coupons and letters I hold in my hand.

IRENE SIMPSON (age 16) is another Companion in New South Wales.

"MY DEAR ALISON,—I have been reading the letters in the H.W.W.C. for some time, and so thought I would like to join—that is, if you will have me. As you see by my address, I am living at —, which is a tin-mining township. Some very rich tin mines have been discovered here. There are also some very nice grass-stones about here. Perhaps you have never seen one. If not, I may be able to send you one

later on. I suppose it is very cold in England now. The weather is beautiful here, and most of the gardens are looking lovely. I have often thought I would like to spend a Christmas in England, as most of the old customs are kept up there. I should like very much to correspond with any member of the Corner from another country, but I would like them to write to me first, as I am a bad hand at starting a correspondence. I was reading Edith Smith's letter in the November QUIVER. How patient she must be to lie all day long. I know I do not like to lie down for two or three days. I join with her in hoping that this time next year she may be quite well again. I am sending 2s. 7d. in stamps—2s. 6d. for the Fund and a penny for the Certificate of Membership. Well, dear Alison, I must close now, wishing THE QUIVER every success.—I remain, your would-be member, IRENE SIMPSON."

A very interesting "first letter," is it not?



Violet,

The latest Portrait.

THE COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

Our Australasian members are really excellent letter writers. I was delighted to have a good mail from them during the month. You'll see some more of its contents. Here is one more.

DOROTHY CHANDLER (age 11) lives in New Zealand. She says:

"DEAR ALISON,—For a long time I have wanted to join the H.W.W.C., but could never find a coupon; however, this morning I found one, so I am writing to you. A lady in England sends my aunt THE QUIVER, and she lends it to us. I think it is a lovely plan, keeping those children in Canada, and will try and help in any way I can. My brother—I have only one, and no sisters—and I have a pony of our own, and yesterday I went for a lovely ride. I rode our pony, and Lance one which is grazing here. I live on a farm away back in the country. There are cows, horses, sheep, calves, pigs, dogs, and cats here. My chief pets are two lambs which lost their mothers when they were quite young. I have fed them ever since. W—— is a rather pretty place. There is a river in which trout are caught. I am enclosing three shillings and one penny (3s. 1d.), from which please take 1d. for my Certificate of Membership and 6d. for the Fund. For the remaining 2s. 6d. please send me a badge enamelled on silver. I want it in the pin form, please. I know this is a long 'first' letter, so I will remain—Your loving Companion, DOROTHY CHANDLER."

From Ontario

To greet our next new member by the hand we should have to journey to Ontario, Canada.

"DEAR ALISON" (she writes),—"Having been told of your Companionship club and asked to join by my cousins, Kathleen and Dorothy Collyer, I am writing this letter in hopes that I may be admitted to be a member of the H.W.W.C. I enjoy THE QUIVER very much and think the aim of the club is very worthy. I am enclosing a snapshot of Kathleen, Dorothy, Baby Elbeth, and myself: this was taken a few weeks ago while I was spending the afternoon with them. I would greatly enjoy a trip to your beautiful country, and especially to London, as we have many parks, streets, bridges, etc., here named after those in your great metropolis. My brother, a major in the ———, is on Salisbury Plain with our troops, and we all feel sure that England has the aid and sympathy of the Canadian people in the great struggle for right which is raging at present. I enclose fifty cents as my contribution, and hope to add more again soon.—With every wish for the success of the Corner, I am, yours lovingly, HILDEGARDE HENNESSY."

HILDEGARDE omits her age, but we welcome her warmly, and shall watch for letters. The snapshot is pretty, and I am glad to have it. Unfortunately it is not sufficiently clear to reproduce in our Pages.

ERNEST LEWIS (Hants) is a member who joined a short time ago. He sends me another letter; and his younger brother, VICTOR A. LEWIS, now becomes a Companion. Their father is in the army, and was very busy when Ernest wrote.

"Philip's report is a very good one" (Ernest remarks). "I have got my brother, Victor, to join, and he will send a coupon with my letter. We have only just come from Hythe. It is a picturesque old place. Near Hythe is Saltwood and Lynpe: both are little villages with castles. On the beach here we get a great many pretty shells. Well, I'll have to stop now. Good-bye."

"P.S.—I am sending a P.O. for 1s."

Victor is 9. Please write soon, Victor.

ADOLPHUS CLARKE (age 13; Suffolk) says:

"DEAR ALISON,—Many thanks for the Certificate I have just received. I am very pleased with it. I am going to try and do my share in keeping the children. We have been taking THE QUIVER only three months, and I liked the H.W.W.C. as soon as I saw it. I go to ——— Secondary School, which is five and a half miles away. I have to cycle there, and sometimes, when it is rough weather, it is not very pleasant. My hobby is stamp collecting, and I have 300 stamps and over, though I am afraid that it is not many. I have two small gardens, one for flowers, the other for vegetables. I have no pets at present, but perhaps I shall have some in the summer.—Yours sincerely, ADOLPHUS CLARKE."

This is a well-written letter, and wins one of our monthly prizes.

Senior Letter Prize

DORIS LONGTON (age 20; Yorks) sends me a delightful letter, from which I will make a quotation:

"MY DEAR ALISON" (she begins),—"I have been greatly interested in the Companionship Pages for a long time. I should so like to be a member, and will try to help all I can, although I was 20 last birthday, so I am afraid I am too old to enter for the competitions. I spend my time helping with the housework and studying languages. I am a member of the French Circle, and am taking part in a French play we are getting up to help the French Soldiers' Fund. In ——— we have about 130 Belgians, mostly of the better class. I often go and visit them, and every week I take one family a Belgian newspaper. They are all very brave, but sad, for they have lost practically all they had, and have undergone many hardships. Sometimes some of them come and have tea with me, and we understand each other quite well. We are all thinking about this dreadful and terrible war. We did not wish to fight Germany, but we could not stand aside and see Belgium suffer, so we were forced to enter upon a gigantic war, the consequences of which are incalculable. At first I could hardly believe that the Germans could do the awful outrages we read of in the newspapers, because the Germans I met when in Germany were so kind; but when the Belgians tell you the things they have seen and suffered. . . . This formidable struggle demands enormous sacrifices. In the end right will conquer. Wishing you and the Corner a very happy and successful year."

Doris wins the Senior Letter Prize this month.

My next letter is from GERTRUDE B. BRAUEN (age 18; Surrey):

"I should so like to become a Companion; will you please tell me how to do so, and what I have to do if I join the Corner? I have been reading THE QUIVER for some time now, but I have never seen any definite statement. It is no doubt my fault for not looking hard enough. . . ."

May I say that the one condition of membership is the promise on the coupon, to "help in any way I can."

It is purposely based on that wide, unrestricted foundation. Everyone who joins us is an individual. Everyone has his or her different point of view and different talents. Each one can bring to our common interest and mutual help some different contribution. The one condition is that you who join do try to make some particular contribution to the interest of our Companionship. What form the contribu-

THE QUIVER

tion shall take is left to you yourself. Some help me by their fresh, breezy letters; others play the game in our competitions; others work hard and regularly for the support of the children we have adopted; others give of their pocket money or earnings for the same object; others spread the circle of our Companionship by bringing in their chums as members. There is an unlimited range of methods.

What I do ask is that every Companion will feel that this wide liberty implies an increased obligation, and that each will strive to find his or her *best way* OF BRINGING SUCCESS AND PROSPERITY to our Companionship. I should like to add that there is no age limit in any direction. All members are entitled to enter for the competitions. They must simply observe the rules, and they are quite simple ones. I hope this will clear the minds that have any doubt or vagueness. Perhaps it will induce other readers to join us and find their sphere in our happy union!

KATHLEEN THOMPSON (age 11; Cumberland) will be welcomed. A letter, soon, Kathleen.

MARGARET NIVEN (age 11; Stirlingshire) writes:

"DEAR ALISON,—I have read *THE QUIVER* for a long time, and have always wished to become a member of the H.W.W.C. Where I live is very quiet, and in winter is very desolate. In summer there are plenty of nice walks, and we often have picnics in the woods. I think I will close now, wishing your Corner every success."

War Glimpses

GERTIE B. FOSTER (age 14; Westmorland) writes:

"DEAR ALISON,—I have read your Pages for a long time. I am sending you 2s. 6d. towards the Fund. How much is a badge? Where I live is on ———; it is a very pretty place and is getting known as a summer resort. There is no girls' day school here, so I have been going to a boarding school as a day scholar. I have now left and am only going for music. I have not left school altogether as I am only 14, but I am not going till after the summer. Is not the war terrible? We do not see much of it here, though there is a convalescent home for soldiers and also we have some Belgians. There is a viaduct here running across to ———, and it is guarded as trains go across with ammunition, etc., to ———. I have been knitting scarves for the sailors and soldiers. I am now going to knit cuffs. It is nice to support four children; it is nice for David to be earning his living. I will write to you again soon.—Your loving Companion, GERTIE B. FOSTER.

"P.S.—I am sending money for a badge—a brooch (1s.)."

And now for news from a few of our

Companions of Longer Standing

JEAN MCARTHUR wrote from Midlothian:

"DEAR ALISON,—I am a new member of the H.W.W.C. I find the letters very interesting, and I never miss reading them. There are nothing but soldiers about at present; we see a great many, as there are barracks not far from where we live. I have several cousins who have joined the army. Some of them are in the trenches. Mother is busy knitting for the 'Red Cross'; and the soldiers seem to be getting all the comforts necessary. I have read *THE QUIVER* for quite a long time and have

always been interested in this Corner. I have a friend whom I hope to get as a member. I will have to close now.—With love, JEAN MCARTHUR."

And from Jamaica MARIE GOODIN wrote:

"MY DEAR ALISON,—Thanks very much for your letter. I was very glad to get it, for I was longing to hear from you. I got four weeks' holidays, and up to the present have enjoyed myself nicely. Christmas out here was fearfully dull on account of the war. I hope the new year will be a little less clouded than 1914 was. What a terrible affair the war is, eh? We must only ask God to help us in this time of trouble. I have not succeeded in getting anyone to join for me yet, but nevertheless I am still trying. I sat for my Cambridge preliminary exam. last term. I don't know if I have passed, but I hope so. This is a very short letter, but there is no more news, so I must close with best wishes for a bright and prosperous new year.—From your sincere Companion, MARIE GOODIN.

"Enclosed is 1s. for subscription."

EMILY PRETSELL tells me she has moved. She is sending her QUIVER to a lady missionary.

RUTH GELDHART (Shropshire) was delighted with her certificate. She has a clever little kitten who can rattle the door latch as a request to be let in.

"Part of our church is very old" (she says), "and there is some lovely carving there. We have a Belgian mistress at school to teach us French, and her brother has been taken prisoner by the Germans. We have two Belgians, an old lady and gentleman. They talk French, and so we are having them up every Friday night for extra lessons."

From Devonshire DORIS TROTT wrote:

"It is splendid about David, isn't it? He must be proud to think he is earning his own living. Yes, I think with Enid Jones that we must not slacken our efforts, but work just as hard as ever so that soon we may be able to send out another child."

From Norway Home

DOROTHY LITTEN, who wrote to us last from Norway, sends the following from her home in England:

"DEAR ALISON,—Thank you so much for your letter; it was such a pleasant surprise, for I did not know that you wrote letters to the Companions. I arrived home last November, and I am very sorry not to have written before, but my time has been very full since I came home. I am sorry not to be able to send up more than 1s. for the Fund, but I hope you will accept this small gift and I will try and earn some more. Now I will tell you about my journey home. I went with my grandmother and auntie on the local steamer to Rorvik, the nearest place where the large coasting steamers stop; I awakened at 4 o'clock on the morning of October 31, and found 'Bedstenor' up, making tea; so Auntie Ermyr and I got up and dressed and had a meal of tea and sandwiches, and then went down on the quay to wait for the steamer which might come any time between 4 and 6 a.m., and if it came before six it would not wait—as a matter of fact, it did not come till 7 a.m. Auntie Ermyr came on board with me and then went back in the boat. The first place we called at was Trondhjem, where we arrived at 6 p.m. I did not go on shore as I did not know anyone in Trondhjem. We had a beautiful sail next day, which was Sunday. Early on Monday morning we reached Bergen, where Herr and Fru and Gladys and Lillian met me and took me back with them; after I had had something to eat I went out shopping with Fru and Gladys and bought my presents to take home. On Tuesday morning we

THE COMPANIONSHIP PAGES

went down to the quay to catch the steamer *Haakon VII.* to take me home. We had a good passage over the North Sea. I saw three torpedo boats and one mine-sweeper. We arrived at Newcastle on Wednesday, November 4th, where mother met me. If you would care to see my rough diary of my holiday in Norway, I can send it to you. I was very pleased with my badge; I think it is very pretty. My three-year-old sister, Muriel, wanted me to send her love to you.—With much love, from your Companion, DOROTHY LITTEN."

It is such an interesting letter that I immediately wanted to read the diary, and am hoping Dorothy will spare it for me soon!

WINIFRED TOPLISS is one of my long-time loyal friends. Her last letter contains this:

"I often think that at this time you must feel somewhat anxious about financial results. There are so many appeals, but I certainly think we ought to keep our old helps up as much as possible. So many rich people give to the War Relief Fund who won't give to others. Still, of course, everything seems to have to suffer a little, but ours is such a worthy object; and gives children a chance of getting on and doing well for themselves."

That is exactly what I feel, Winifred.

Helping the C.M.S.

ELSIE HUGHES told me of her very useful work for the C.M.S. I asked her to write a letter on it for our Corner. This is what she has sent me:

"DEAR ALISON,—I wonder if any of the Companions are interested in the Church Missionary Society? At least, I'm sure there must be some! Perhaps, even, some belong to the Young People's Union? I have helped in our branch here for ages—at least, not 1,000 years, but quite seven—but now I have a wee branch of my own. I have only seven members, but I find it takes all the time I can give to keep well in touch with those seven. At first it did seem queer to write to kiddies I had never seen, but now I feel as though I knew them quite well. We keep our four rules (to pray, learn, work and give) by trying to help a C.M.S. missionary in Egypt. She writes to me telling about the children in her school, and then we are going to send out things to her that she wants. Unfortunately, owing to the war, things are rather at a standstill, and nothing will be sent out until it is over. I simply love getting the children's letters, and hearing about all they do! It always reminds me of you and our Corner.—From your sincere Companion, ELSIE HUGHES."

An Aquarium that "Grew"

ISABEL DOBSON's letter will be of special interest to our "nature-loving members." I shall be pleased if others who have aquariums will write about them too. A Special Letter Prize goes to Isabel.

"DEAR ALISON,—I was so interested to hear about the little girl to whom my doll was given. Do you think I could have her name and address, because I would like to send her some flowers sometimes? I am glad her name is Lucy, it is one of my favourite names. My sister and I are members of the '— Field Club' and last Friday evening we went to a lecture on 'Pond Life' which was given in our club room. It was illustrated by lantern slides and was so interesting. I enjoyed it all the more because I have a little outdoor aquarium of my own. I started my aquarium quite accidentally. One summer, several years ago, when I was quite a little girl, I went for a walk one afternoon and

gathered a big bunch of marsh forget-me-nots. I filled all the vases in the house with them and still had some left. Some of them had come up by the roots, so I put them into a shallow tub of rainwater which stood in the back garden, and forgot all about them. Next spring I noticed some green plants coming up in the tub, and—what was more wonderful—dozens of little water-snails and water-fleas or cyclops. The young plants which were beginning to grow were the forget-me-nots which I had put in in summer, and they must have had the eggs of the snails and cyclops fastened to them. I was so delighted, and immediately started collecting other water plants and creatures to put in my 'water-garden,' as I called it. I made myself a kind of large butterfly net, and fastened it to the end of a long stick, and taking it and two glass jam jars with me, I went hunting in all the ponds and ditches in —. It was such an interesting occupation, and father and my eldest sister bought me books about 'Pond Life,' so I learned the names and habits of all the creatures and plants I collected. I was surprised to find what a variety of creatures and plants we have in our ponds, and they are all so beautiful and wonderful. Perhaps I shouldn't say all the creatures are beautiful, but wonderful they certainly are. . . . My flower seeds have just arrived from —, so I will have to be getting my garden ready for them. Among other things I have bought three packets of annual chrysanthemum seeds, so I hope they grow and flower well so that I can sell them for our Fund. I was so pleased to see the letters in our March Corner from Violet and Lena. They do write interesting letters. I am afraid you will be tired of reading my letter, but when I get started on aquariums I never want to stop.—With much love to you and our children, from your loving Companion, ISABEL DOBSON."

Helping Poor Children

ALIE WELSH is to have one of our Letter Prizes. I happen to be an interested member of the "Girl's Realm Guild," and sometimes see accounts of the Jumble Depot.

"DEAR ALISON,—I have been having lovely holidays. I suppose you have heard of the 'Girl's Realm Guild'; my mother and both my sisters belong to it. In connection with the Guild is the Jumble Depot for the poor, where those women who cannot afford to buy clothes in the shops buy old clothes very cheaply. I dare say you have read about the Depot in the *Girl's Realm* magazine. Every year they have what they call a 'Christmas shelf,' where each centre of the Guild collects toys, old and new, for it, and the head sells the toys cheaply to the mothers. Well, a little friend of mine and I thought we would like to dress a doll for a special child, so we bought and dressed a doll and made a bed for it, and one day mother took us to the Depot. Then the little girl, whose name was Edna, was called up, and Miss Tatham teased her a little bit and told her it was for Teresa her sister; and then mother asked her if she'd like to be Teresa, and she said 'No' very decidedly, and then mother asked her if she'd like to have a doll and bed like that, and Edna, who was so excited she could hardly speak, said 'Yes,' also very decidedly, so Miss Tatham told her it was for her, but she seemed frightened to touch it, so mother put it in her arms, and she hugged it. Then she went outside, and you should have heard the 'Oh!' that went up from the people who were waiting to come to the shelf. Afterwards we watched the people buying for a bit, and then came home. But we were amazed how cheap the things were; things that cost a shilling and eighteen-pence in a shop the women got for a penny, twopenny and threepence. Also the Guild members get up picnics for the Jumble grubs, especially at Christmas, which is

THE QUIVER

something like what you do to children in London. So that is why I thought you might be interested in hearing about what we do out here. I am staying for a week with my aunt and I'm having a lovely time. This morning my cousins and I went for a bathe and it was lovely. I must say good-bye now.—With much love, I remain, your loving Companion, ALIE WELSH."

More from Australia

This is another Australian letter:

"DEAR ALISON,—I have just had such a delightful holiday. I have been staying in the country with a cousin, at a place called Mudgee; it is about 200 miles N.W. of Sydney, quite mountainous country, in fact the train goes right through the Blue Mountains and then on ever so much farther. The sea is miles away, and I went for some delightful walks and drives, and so saw a great deal of the surrounding country. Every available piece of ground has been turned into a farm, and so everywhere one goes there is sure to be a farm. The town lies in a basin and is surrounded on all sides by hills, and they say that is why things grow so well there, because the water cannot stay on the hills, but rolls down into the valley and so keeps the ground always moist. And there is no doubt about the crops doing well; it is marvellous to see how beautifully green everything is, notwithstanding the terribly dry summer we have been having. Though just the last few weeks have been delightfully cool, really like spring weather, it is most remarkable, because this is just the worst time of the year for us, and Xmas Day is generally so hot that we dare not stir outside the doors, whereas this year it was a delightfully cool day. And now good-bye.—I am, your affectionate Companion, ERICA R. WELSH."

And yet another:

"DEAR ALISON,—I suppose that you have nearly forgotten me, but I hope you will forgive me for not writing before. There has been an awful drought in parts of Victoria and New South Wales. There is no grass or water, and people have to shoot their stock because they have no food for them. In Victoria we have just got a nice fall of rain, and on Christmas Day, 1914, we had a big storm that brought the creek near our place down in a flood. We had a Patriotic Concert, and I took part in the programme. We made between £20 and £30. It is a good lot of money for so small a country place. I suppose that there was great excitement in England when the German ships shelled the coast. We hope that they will not do it any more, and that the Allies will soon have them under control. I will write later on again.—I remain, your interested reader FLORENCE W. LEGG."

QUEENIE COX (London) has a most delightful set of pets. You will perhaps remember the story of the jackdaw. I must let you hear about her terrier another day. And there are other letters I would like to show you, but they, too, must wait. Thank you all—the writers.

I should like an extra number of letters, and also a big budget of photographs, this month. Will each Companion write to suggest How we shall Celebrate our Sixth Birthday?—in September, it is, you know. There will be Special Prizes for the best and most practical suggestions.

Your Affectionate
Companion,

Alison.



THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

By the Rev. J. REID HOWATT

The Wishing Well

THERE is a text that I dearly love to read, it is so human: "It is not good that the man should be alone." Dear old Doctor Dry-as-dust can see in it only another peg on which to hang a sombre theological treatise. Well, this may be the divinity of the matter, but it seems to me to be miles and miles away from the humanity, and at heart we are all very human. I see it as a kind of Wishing Well—something to which young men and maidens creep with stealthy step in the gloamin', taking good care that no one shall suspect, let alone know, of their furtive excursion. The vague wish is seldom granted at the first asking, so there comes a second and a third, and perhaps many more, but the peep into Genesis second and eighteen is shyly, shyly repeated.

The Thoughts of Youth—

For when Jack's upper lip begins to fledge, bringing with it the suspicion that he must now be becoming a man, he has his thoughts, his wonderments, his sweet dreams which are all so full of mystery. But he cannot share these with anyone, not even his most intimate chum.

He cannot even guess what they signify, yet somehow he must loiter by the Wishing Well—the text which says it is not good for a man to be alone—and this fair maiden or that comes floating softly among his visions, and he finds himself wondering if the cure for his strange restlessness can possibly lie in that direction. It is the old story which need not be told again: every man knows it *by heart*.

There is a big dash of pure yet noble selfishness about this; the man is unconsciously taken up considerably about himself, and looks on the fluttering maiden of his dreams much as he might look on a medicine bottle which possibly contains a cure for his heart-ache, but is of a price he fears he cannot reach.

Poor Lonesome Fellow

It is quite the other way with her. As far as she knows herself she has never a selfish thought while lingering forlorn by this Wishing Well; she is thinking entirely about *him*. He is a man, a strapping man—just what a young man should be—but the poor fellow is lonesome. How can he be all that he might

THE QUIVER

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THE CRUTCH-AND-KINDNESS LEAGUE

be, all he could and should be, with never a sympathetic heart to confide in, to double his joys and halve his sorrows by one who could be as his other self? And the firm buttons, the tempting dishes, the warm slippers and cosy, recuperating rests at the close of the day's work—how is he, a mere man, and single at that, ever to come by them while strutting his way through life alone? So she pities him, just pities him; the big motherhood of her sex is stirred within her; things would all be so different with him if he only rightly understood this golden text and let her share his future with him. So she visits the Wishing Well again and again when she is supposed to be pondering the beautiful words of the 119th Psalm. Oh, it is all so sublime, so tender, and—so human! With the result, of course, that one day there is a bouquet, a white veil and a shower of rice, as a radiant young couple come forth of a church. So I like this text for its sweet humanity, but perhaps also because I am in the trade myself, for I have been duly ordained a Joiner, and nothing becomes me like the Joining!

When the Well Fails

But what keeps me lingering at present over this Wishing Well text are the thoughts which will come when it fails to succeed. Man or woman is only half a man or woman when wrapped about by desert loneliness. This has just been brought vividly home by the kindly interest which is now being taken in the Lonely Soldier.

All the more therefore do I cherish a word I find among my monthly budget of letters from those joining the Crutch-and-Kindness League. One correspondent says: "I am writing to a Lonely Soldier, but a Lonely Child appeals to me even more than that. I cannot send large gifts, but would try to brighten one little lonely life." Naturally, with a mist in my eyes, I recall the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." For I, too, yearning though my heart be over the Lonely Soldier, am altogether with my fair correspondent in saying: "A Lonely Child appeals to me even more than that!"

Something Amiss

The conditions are so different. Before a mate glided into Adam's life, I feel very sure the man didn't know what was the matter with him. He had what the Scotch call "an itching at the heart he could not get scratching," which is that wise people's euphuistic way of saying that one is in love. He felt there was something amiss in his construction, but what it was he could not even guess till she appeared; then it was all plain. Is it so very much otherwise with the crippled child? He is a child, with all a child's dreams and longings, but he knows, in part at least, what ails him; he has had a mother, and poor though their lot may have been, he had learnt what affection was, but he had learnt it only by sips, as it were, while the thirst of his heart is for some long, sweet draughts.

How can he ever have them? The Crutch-and-Kindness League opens the sympathetic

way. It does not ask for money: it only asks that each member, wherever living on the earth, whatever age or sex, should write a kindly letter once a month to some poor cripple in London, name, address and other particulars being given. This is the gist of the matter, and who cannot do so much? A cripple child's life is so lonely: strong, healthy children naturally don't care to be tied for long to a weakling. Here, then, is a full and gracious opportunity for every gentle heart to do something for the Lonely Child.

All other particulars about the League may be had for a stamp from Sir John Kirk, J.P., Director and Secretary, Ragged School Union, 32 John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

NEW MEMBERS FOR THE MONTH

Miss E. Adams, Stretton Grandison, Herefordshire; J. E. Austin, Esq., Felixstowe, Suffolk.

Miss L. O. Bell, Taranaki, New Zealand; Miss Elsie Boden, Sevenoaks, Kent; Mrs. Boseley, Haverstock Hill, London, N.W.

Miss Emily Callaghan, Birkenhead, Cheshire; Miss M. Carter, Uppingham, Rutland; Miss Jessie Chandler, Hampstead, London, N.W.; Miss N. Chapman, Tunbridge Wells, Kent; Miss Dorothy Colville, West Hartlepool, Durham; Miss Dorothy Croft, Thornton Heath, Surrey; Miss Dorothy Croft, York.

Mrs. Darnton, Easingwold, Yorks; Miss Maud Dyer, Manitoba, Canada.

Mrs. Easdale, Nelson, New Zealand; Mrs. W. H. Ellis, Grindleford, York; Miss Margaret Evans, Chelsea, London, S.W.

Miss J. P. Fernie, Ardgay, Ross-shire; Miss E. Foster, Belsay, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Miss Eliza Fryer, Hove, Sussex.

Miss Elizabeth Gellatly, Chelsea, London, S.W.; Miss Noel Gibson, Longridge, West Lothian; Miss T. G. Gifford, Rathmines, Ireland; Miss Gillings, Norwich, Norfolk; Miss Constance Glasscock, Natal, South Africa; Mrs. Gonin, South Nutfield, Surrey; Miss Hilda Goodbrand, Aberdeen, N.B.; Mr. Grey, Ipswich, Suffolk.

Miss Elizabeth Hadfield, Dukinfield, Cheshire; Mrs. Benson-Haskins, Brandon, Suffolk; Miss Hazell, Norwich, Norfolk; Miss Jeanie Henderson, Ibrox, Glasgow; Miss Mima Henderson, Perth, N.B.

Miss Rosina King, Watford, Herts. Miss Daisy E. Leverett, Ipswich, Suffolk; Miss M. Courtenay Lugg, Dartmouth, S. Devon; Miss Winifred Lyles, Dalkeith, N.B.

Miss Marjoram, Norwich, Norfolk; Mrs. Martindale Preston, Paignton; Miss Mason (4 members of S.S. Class), Glendinning, Manitoba; Miss Ethel May, Brighton, Sussex.

Miss Florrie Parker, Lower Sydenham, S.E.; Miss Mary Paterson, Slaford, Midlothian; Miss Mary Pearson, Peckham, London, S.E.; Miss Olive I. Pearson, Matlock, Derby; Mr. Robert B. Pearson, Bourton, Dorset; Miss Pease, Hurworth Moor, Darlington; Miss Le Pelley, Guernsey, C.I.; Miss N. Penney, Chichester, Sussex; Mrs. Pope, Notting Hill Gate, London, W.

Miss Rae, West Ealing, London, W.; Miss E. Rose, Tilehurst, Berks.

Miss Snow, Georgeham, N. Devon; Miss E. Stevens, Wimbledon, London, S.W.

Mrs. Bereningham Tyrrell, Kingstown, Ireland; Miss Ellen Turner, Ealing, London, W.

Miss Vera Wadman, Wincanton, Somerset; Mrs. Washington, South Nutfield, Surrey; Miss Charlotte Whiting, Hove, Brighton; Miss Rowse Wright, Cottenham, Yorks.

Miss Enid Geddes, Miss Annie White, Jamaica, B.W.I. (Group 15.)

LABOUR-~~SAVING~~ IN THE HOME

Some Ways of Economising Precious Hours

By BEATRICE TILLY

WE all know it is becoming more and more difficult to get domestic help; and without going into the causes of this state of affairs, it is clear that many women will have to depend, regularly or in times of emergency, upon their own efforts. The home that runs itself remains a dream vision; yet some of us are extraordinarily slow to adopt means of simplifying the ordinary work of the house.

When it is considered how time and energy are wasted over cleaning not only floors but painted ledges and ornaments, and over putting things in places from which they are soon after moved again, it is astonishing that women have not long ago insisted on arrangements involving less work.

We are behind Frenchwomen, and still farther behind Americans, in receptiveness of new ideas for our households, in which conservatism is too deeply ingrained.

"Putting Up with Things"

The extension of flat life has at least shown the extent to which labour is wasted on a multiplicity of rooms, passages, and entries in the average house; for the central hall-sitting-room serves various uses, obviates much sweeping and cleaning of passage ways, besides waste of time and muscle in carrying meals up and down stairs and backwards and forwards.

I believe it was the keen eye of "Kippis" which noted the absurdity of placing wainscoting with a dust-catching ledge around the bottom of walls, and then kneeling down to dust it! The same submissive "putting up with things" makes it hard to persuade the housemaid to use a vacuum cleaner.

"My maid thinks," remarked one mistress, "that if she does not stir up a dust that she can see, the room is not being properly cleaned."

Now it would be hard to find a woman who did not wish for a sensibly planned, comfortable, healthy, and pretty dwelling where order, neatness, and cleanliness are maintained with a minimum of effort; but before that ideal is realised a nice adjust-

ment has to be made between the essentials and the non-essentials of housekeeping and home-making.

Usually the most successful home-maker refuses rigid pursuit of method; the machine work of her house is stopped immediately it clashes with the well-being of anyone, and all the labour of the house is subordinated to the happiness and peace of the inmates. Illness, an influx of visitors, an unexpected event emphasise the value of method under normal conditions, for the upset is not then so far-reaching in effect. The machine, being, as it were, well oiled and running smoothly, takes some throwing off the line. Every member of the family knows what is usual and unites to keep things going.

Minimising Work

The true mother is wide awake for every invention to minimise effort and give leisure for companionship with husband and children, for some interest more refining and satisfying than warfare against dirt and recurrent preparation of food. But if she can manage to create a home of agreeable surprises by occasional rearrangement of furniture, change of flowers and pictures, and can ensure pleasant uncertainty as to the dinner menu, time for such things is true economy, and it is made possible by up-to-date inventions. A little hard thinking and planning should make it easy to run the home on expeditious methods; for housework is neither humdrum nor narrowing if it is done quickly, without over-exertion, and allows leisure for outside interests.

The modern college woman usually takes it up in this spirit. She makes a work timetable, keeps a utility notebook for wrinkles, hints, and recipes which she gleans from various sources, and she writes menus of meals in consultation with store lists and prices of season foods; nevertheless, she freely adapts herself to circumstances, and willingly leaves the beaten track of her ancestors for some new path of experiment. To spend money over approved labour-saving contrivances which lessen wear and tear of

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They are the silent witnesses of personal care, class and cleanliness.

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Rough, red hands will spoil any claim to beauty or refinement. Fortunately, there is no necessity of having rough, red, or ugly hands any longer, now that Courvoisier has given to us Ess Viotto.

A few drops of Ess Viotto rubbed into the hands after washing quickly produces that delicate white and soft effect so noticeable in all persons of refinement, and with it, too, is a delightful, fragrant perfume; in fact, it is a combination of perfume and toilet requisite, the use of which not only renders the hands beautifully soft and white, but gives a touch of fragrance—not too much, but just enough.

Just get a bottle of Ess Viotto to-day, and after one application you will be charmed with the result, never wanting to be without it thereafter.

Ess Viotto is the most economical toilet preparation sold—a very little goes a long way. It is sold by all chemists and stores at 1/-, 2/-, 4/-, in liberal-sized bottles, or post free from H. BRONNLEY & Co., Ltd., London, W.

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A THING OF THE PAST.
THE PRIZE MEDAL "ARCANUM" CUTLERY.

The Cutlery of the Elite Requires no cleaning except washing. Unlike steel by climate or sea air. It is not stained by vinegar or other acids. It is equalled for Presents. A clean sharp knife, always ready for use! If unobtainable locally, send post card to the Inventor and Sole Manufacturer—JEFFERSON READ, "Arcanum" Cutlery Works, Augusta St., Birmingham.

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LABOUR-SAVING IN THE HOME

nerve and muscle appears to such a progressive woman quite worth her while.

Before mentioning some of these, I would point out that the planning of the house and choice and arrangement of furniture greatly affect the housework; the inconveniences of structure, however, are unlikely to disappear until women architects have their say in the matter.

Ingenious Contrivances

When space is limited, as it usually is in a flat, and it is desirable to use a sitting-room as a bedroom, there are ingenious contrivances for making one room serve the purposes of both. By day it is a comfortable reception room; at bed-time, a cupboard, a bookcase, or a wardrobe is opened out and reveals the bed ready made. Even a sideboard is constructed to enclose a folding-bed. Perhaps the simplest hidden bed takes the form of a wall *portière*, a curtained enclosure containing the bedstead and all the bedding ready for use; it is obtainable for 39s. What appears to be an ordinary secretaire encloses a washstand and looking-glass. Though some of this novel furniture is costly, the expenditure is saved on the rent, and there is one room to clean instead of two, a consideration for the bachelor woman.

Housewives who consider health and labour saving refuse to cover the bedroom floor with a carpet, which serves as a dust trap, needs frequent sweeping and special beating in the spring. One of the many kinds of floor covering, such as "Linola," and a few easily shaken mats are preferable. To keep the latter in place a special fixer has been invented, known as the "Gil-Marsh." For cleaning and polishing linoleum, parquet flooring, and indeed varnished surfaces generally, an American invention, the "O-Cedar" mop, with its accompanying chemical polish, is finding increasing favour.

A Woman's Invention

To a woman is due the invention of a housemaid's pail and cinder-sifter specially useful in "flats and any place where ladies do their own work."

One of the disagreeables of cooking is having to lift a hot pie dish, saucepan lid, or baking tin. To obviate the use of a messy oven cloth, the "Peter Pan" lifter has been invented. It is made of nickel steel and

securely grips heavy cooking utensils and, by the aid of a trigger, light ones also.

The dust-raising broom has been ousted by the carpet-sweeper.

The inexpensive "Bissell" has long been popular for the ease with which it sweeps and retains dust in its box-like receptacle. If properly used, and the receptacle and brush beneath kept clean, a "Bissell" lasts many years.

The vacuum cleaner is constructed to draw out dirt from a fabric by suction into the cleaner, from which it is afterwards emptied. Some of the apparatuses are simple and moderate in price, others with metal tubes are too elaborate and heavy for one pair of hands to work. If electricity is laid on in the house, the vacuum cleaner is an excellent addition to it, but the choice should exclude a make with bright metal about it, unable to stand knocks against furniture, or easily put out of order. Unless there is ample provision of nozzles for adjustment to curtains, draperies, bookshelves and corners of furniture, the vacuum cleaner but half performs its duties.

Knife-cleaners

A knife-cleaner is a saving of labour where there are many knives to clean.

The "Dazla" knife-cleaning machine, costing 10s. 6d., consists of a wooden box fitted with double cleaning pads, in between which the knife is slipped through a slot at the side. On pressing a handle the pads quickly polish the blade, burnishing it from edge to back, and at the same time helping to sharpen it.

"Eyebright" Knives

By the by, there is a remarkable new knife, the "Barrow Eyebright," the blade of which is not stained by vinegar, acids, and fruit juices like an ordinary knife, a great consideration in knife-cleaning. The knives are obtainable at various prices and sizes, and are fitted with different handles.

Polishes and Pastes

The subject of polishes and pastes is well worth the housewife's consideration. So many new ones appear from time to time that occasional inquiry about their merits is advisable.

For furniture, all kinds of woodwork, linoleum, parquet and stained flooring, etc., an excellent cleanser and polisher is "Ronuk."

THE QUIVER

It gives a bright, glossy shine and has a pleasant odour. A small quantity of the paste is applied with a scrap of flannel and rubbed well in with a soft cloth. It can be diluted with turpentine for large surfaces, and a tin of it will keep for years in a cool place.

A little "Kleenoff" jelly (sold in a six-penny tin), applied with a brush, left a few hours and then washed off with warm water, is useful for removing grease from the gas stove; it is also good for cleansing saucepans and sinks.

To Help in the Washing

In spite of the multiplication of laundries, steam and hand, and the "shilling-bag" system, much washing is still done at home, and any contrivance that lessens the labour of bending and rubbing over steaming water, mangling, and ironing is sure to be welcome.

The "Home" washer is therefore particularly alluring, since it is a combination machine for washing, wringing, and ironing. The washing trough is fitted with a brass tap, and covers to keep in the steam; and attached to the washer are a free-wheel wringer and a basket rack. When not in use it can be converted into a table by covering it with a table-top. The whole thing is so compact and neat that housewives who see it for the first time at an exhibition carefully tuck away the address in their mind—"Cononley, Yorkshire."

We have quite adapted paper napkins, but paper tablecloths, plates, and towels are still relegated to picnics. Paper as a preliminary cleaner of ironware and muddy boots has its value; also for greasy dishes and knives it saves the use of cloths, which have to be washed.

Improvements in domestic heating and lighting tend in the direction of saving labour as well as cost. To the single-handed woman the words "winter fires" have no longer the ominous sound they used to have, calling up visions of a struggle with a coal scuttle, kindling wood, and refractory matches in a chilly, dark room. A wheel fire-lighter expedites the lighting; but the treasure of the house-opener is the gas or electric stove which can be lit in a moment and boils a kettle in a few minutes. The possessor of an electric kettle may well congratulate herself, though as yet elec-

tricity is too dear for widespread use as a heater.

Gas Stoves

The introduction of electricity has spurred gas companies to improve both stoves and burners; these are well worth inspection at the offices of the gas companies. There is, for instance, the "Stimex," the burners of which are not placed inside the oven, but in a chamber at the side, whence the heated air passes inwards. The advantages are obvious in economy of gas, cleanliness, evenness of temperature, and facility of lighting. A separate hot chamber under the oven is useful for heating dishes and plates. In one of the larger kinds there is an open gas fire at the side of the oven, either above or below the boiler. Some people prefer to have the cooker and hot-water heater separate, and to this end an ingenious detached circulator has been constructed and made to communicate with the hot-water pipes supplying the bathroom. It heats enough water for a bath at a cost of about three-farthings, and proves a boon where the bathroom is high up and cans of hot water must be carried to supplement the supply. It is even possible to switch gas on and off in a similar way to electric light. Central heating saves labour, but is little appreciated this side the Atlantic.

In the kitchen there are now obtainable appliances for preparing and trimming vegetables, for mincing meat of different-sized pieces, for toasting bread, for making coffee and for basting meat automatically. There is even a "Turn-about" oven shelf. The hay-box cooker, better known in country houses than in towns, is admirable for keeping hot or continuing to cook the contents of vessels placed in the hay. The housewife can cook a supper, pop it in the hay-box, fasten down the lid, go out, and return at the end of two hours to enjoy it. Likewise the Thermos flask has uses for the working woman who comes back to her rooms tired and ready for a hot cup of tea.

The setting of the table would be a less weary business if, after washing up from the last meal, china and cutlery were at once placed on a tray and kept on the shelf of a cupboard in the room where next required. The maxim "things to hand," especially where nursery arrangements are concerned, saves labour and time.

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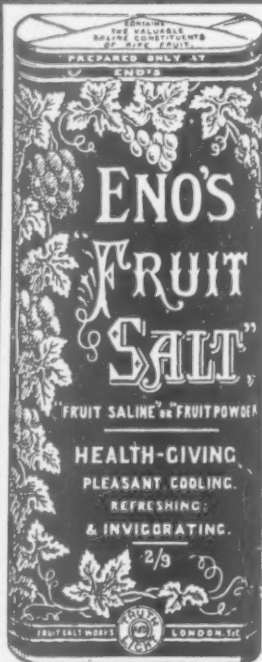
Mr. L. W. Stanton writes:—"Send me one of your Prudential Brusselette Carpets and Rugs, 5/6 amount enclosed. I was interested to see that one of your customers stated she had a carpet from you 19 years ago that was not worn out. You can also state that I have now in my bedroom one, in fairly good condition, which I bought at my place well over 20 years ago."

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